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DEAD DAYS.

BY M. E. S.

Dear dead days of the long ago,
Come from the mystical past again—
Bring me the dreams that I used to know!

Musing here in the firelight's glow,
Struggling ever with anguish vain,
Dear dead days of the long ago,

Now, when the lights are waning low,
Now, when the raindrops dim the pane,
Bring me the dreams I used to know!

Ah, the years have been sad, I trow,
Weighed to the earth by a heavy chain,
Dear dead days of the long ago!

Often, too, in your progress slow,
Tears have fallen in blinding rain;
Bring me the dreams that I used to know!

Heights of rapture and depths of woe,
Passionate heart and burning brain!
Dear dead days of the long ago,
Bring me the dreams that I used to know!

IN THE SHADOW.

BY M. B.

NOVEMBER, in the great city buried in the gloom of yellow sulphureous fog and deep in slush.

Jack Ainslie, escaping from these miseries, entered the warm well-lit hall of the Grand Hotel and wiped his boots very carefully on the spacious door mat.

It is well to appear to advantage when about to meet an uncle unseen for many years, so Jack cleaned his boots sedulously and took a glance in a mirror, which reflected back a tall lithe figure and by no means specially handsome face.

Honest clear gray eyes, a bright frank smile, showing even white teeth and the well-groomed look of a young gentleman, were the sum total of his attractions.

The man who awaited him was a wreck of once splendid type; figure, features and coloring had all been nearly perfect. Reginald Maitland was the pick of the regiment for looks, and his grand record of daring deeds made him their pride in his earlier days.

General Maitland was very worn now by ill-health, many wounds and hard service, but he retained his charm of voice and manner.

Jack's nervousness disappeared before his uncle's greeting, and they were speedily as intimate as if they had not been apart since Jack was a chubby little chap in white frocks.

Life had not run smoothly for either uncle or nephew.

The general's only sister, sweet Lucy Maitland, married to everyone's satisfaction, her husband being well-born, rich, and devoted to her, but the demon of speculation took possession of him; he ruined himself and then blew his brains out, leaving the burden that he had not the courage to struggle under to his delicate wife and young son Jack. The cowardly drop in the son's veins was not inherited by the boy.

Young as he was, he had already shown great promise as an artist; but unhesitatingly he exchanged palette and brush for the monotonous routine of an office, gratefully accepting the clerkship offered by an old friend, and worked not only hard, but cheerfully and well, without indulging in regrets of self-pity, thus earning the respect and good will of his employers and making his mother's life happy, in spite of their narrow means, which she made the most of, bearing all the petty trials of unaccustomed poverty as bravely and uncomplainingly as her son did, entering into his little schemes for cheap outings on holidays, brightening her room with common flowers bought for a few pence, but carefully arranged as if they were the hothouse blossoms once so plentiful in her home, and generally by her motherly care and love soothing his path of sacrifice till the sting was taken out of it; and he found himself amply repaid for his self-denial.

She was dead now, that tender mother and Jack was free to return to his own chosen profession, but had agreed to remain with his employer till a junior could fill his place.

The general had heard much of this story from the sister whom he had hoped to see, and was deeply disappointed that he had not returned in time to make the end of her life yet happier.

"I have been a selfish fellow, I fear, Jack," he said. "Poor Lucy! I ought to have given up sooner and returned to her."

Jack answered eagerly:

"She never expected it, uncle. You were awfully good in helping, and she was quite happy, I think, in spite of everything."

The general laid his hand on his nephew's shoulder with a smile:

"Lucy was fortunate in one thing, at least, my boy, and she knew it. She had a good son."

"And I had a mother such as no other fellow ever had," said Jack, with tears in his eyes. "I miss her every hour of my life, uncle."

"Well, my dear fellow, a crusty old man is a poor substitute for a sweet woman, but you and I have no ties besides, so you must make the best of me, if you will. Take your own line of work; I only want you to make your home with me and give me your spare time. If we suit each other, as I see we shall, you will be fairly off at my death. Is it a bargain?"

Jack wrung his uncle's hand, but tried vainly to speak; hesitated, stammered and then remained silent.

"What is it?" said the general curtly. "Do you want money, Jack? Debts? Speak out openly."

"Not a cent," replied Jack promptly.

"Then it's a woman. Who and what is she?" said the uncle.

Jack paused and then told his tale briefly. Nothing very new; only a girl who had given her first fresh young love in prosperity was bidden recall it when the terrible reverse came, and did so obediently, to the extent of promising not to marry her lover, on condition she might remain unwedded.

Now the family influence was brought to bear on her, to force her into a loveless marriage with a rich but bad man, and her life was made miserable.

"Jack, you know my story; it's an old one," said the general. "You have heard how my darling and her little girl were to join me, and were lost in a terrific storm, in which hundreds of ships were wrecked. No other woman has ever tempted me to forget her and our three years of utter happiness together. It seems to me that I should like to see some young thing about me as happy as we were. You shall have your sweetheart, my boy."

Kindly deeds sometimes bear fruit, even in this topsy-turvey world.

Jack's winsome young bride found her way straight to the general's heart and made the sunshine of his home, as well as of her husband, and the young folks remembered to whom they were indebted for their unexpected happiness, granted just as their prospects seemed hopeless.

Bright, fresh and sensible, as well as affectionate, Lena Ainslie vied with Jack in loving care of the old uncle, and ruled his house to perfection. By degrees she won from him long tales of his married life, such as he had never before told to any one.

She knew all about the dainty delicate darling of his youth, and her sweet little rosebud of a child, whose baby tongue had just learnt to say a few words when she died. It had been a sore trial to leave them, but the young husband was called away on active service.

It was agony to think of the terror and suffering of the tragile girl ere death mercifully took her and her baby in that awful storm, and even yet the general could not gaze unmoved on her picture.

When Jack's first born was laid in his arms he trembled visibly, though the bonny dark-eyed boy was the very opposite of what his own fairy-like golden-haired daughter had been, even from the first.

The general grew very proud of the sturdy laddie, and had almost as many plans for his future as Lena herself had. His strength had failed visibly for some time, and he had interviews with his lawyer as to the will which would insure the comfort of his dear ones, and being at last satisfied, arranged that Mr. Bindon should see to the due execution of his signature.

The day chosen proved cold and wet. The general sat in his own snug room and chatted merrily with Lena, and watched her fat strong boy roll and kick on the rug, laughing at the bright firelight.

Presently the child grew tired and the mother, bidding his great uncle kiss him, made up the fire and left the old man to take a nap till the lawyer came.

Punctual to the moment was the man of business, but one had been before him even in that brief interval.

General Maitland slept in his chair, but it was the sleep of death.

"The will is unsigned, but it is of no importance," said Mr. Bindon. "The general had no other near relatives, and you are of course his heir, Mr. Ainslie. He had left some small legacies to old friends and servants. Will you carry them out?"

"To the very letter, of course," said Jack.

* * * * * *

Sunset on the Breton coast. The sea glowed like the burning lake of the Inferno, there was but little ripple on it, the water heaved suddenly and a sad moaning sound presaged a storm.

The rocks stood out darkly in bronze and blackish violet, cruel, sharp-pointed and innumerable, some scarcely visible above the water, others rearing themselves up defiantly high in air.

Alas! for any good ship driven among them on a winter night.

On one, a little less serrated than the rest and close to shore, a girl in the picturesque national costume sat singing to herself in plaintive lullaby and weaving garlands of scarlet poppies as she sang.

She had a thick wreath of them about her neck and a bunch stuck coquettishly behind one ear in most becoming fashion, at least so thought a young artist, who was making his way along the beach.

Jack Ainslie gazed for a moment at the unconscious damsel and then promptly sat down, brought out a sketch book, and began hastily to dash in a rough outline.

"That's easy enough," he murmured, holding out his sketch and looking at it critically. "But it's the color—the color that stumps me. I never saw such splendid effects in my life. And the light's changing even now, hang it. Well, here goes."

He had a paint box in his pocket and a water flask and worked with all his might, to try and fix even a semblance of that wonderful scene.

Presently he saw that his model had observed the proceeding and was preparing to leave her perch.

"Don't, for heaven's sake!" he cried eagerly. "What a fool I am; she won't understand." And he repeated the request in French and then in the nearest attempt at dialect that he could make.

It proved successful. With a laugh, waving her hand, the girl sat down again, and posed herself with a quaint little air of knowing what was required, which Jack observing, thought to himself:

"Knows her work evidently; has sat as a model before."

The glorious coloring began to fade, but Jack was not altogether disappointed with his rough but effective sketch when at length he threw down his brushes and went to speak to the girl who had inspired the effort.

He had acquired enough dialect to follow her quick speech as, jumping lightly down from the rock, she ran to him.

"Let me see," was her eager cry. "Monsieur has made of me a pretty picture. Ah, ah, it is long since poor Lili was put in a picture!"

"It's not a picture, Mademoiselle Lili. I wish I could persuade you to let me make one of you," said Jack, looking at her with genuine admiration.

Her rounded graceful figure was set off by the tight bodice; the short skirt and elbow sleeves showed feet and hands well shaped and smaller than those of the average peasant, and her charming face was richly tinted in softest brunette coloring, with fresh red pouting lips showing even white teeth, and a profusion of rippling curly dark hair, wind ruffled into little rings about her temples, peeped from under the white cap.

So far the description was that of any pretty dark girl, but the laughing eyes were not black or brown, but bright blue, adding a special uncommon charm to the face.

"By Jove! she'd make my fortune if I could do her justice," thought Jack, as she turned her little head from side to side, looking archly at his sketch.

"Mam'selle Lili, would you sit for me?" he asked aloud. "I'd give you anything you like to do so—or—money to buy a souvenir with," he added rather hesitatingly, not feeling quite sure of the social position of this fascinating creature, whose costume, though made in peasant fashion, seemed to him different to that of the ordinary rustic woman's common attire.

Lili, however, responded eagerly:

"Will you really make me a beautiful picture, and give me bonbons and pretty ornaments?" and with a gay, child-like laugh she clapped her hands and began to dance, then pausing, said gravely, "I would like a necklace, a lovely turquoise necklace. I had one once, but it is gone—gone."

Her eyes filled with sudden tears, and putting her hands on Jack's arm, she gazed into his face anxiously and said:

"Monsieur is kind and good; he will paint poor Lili, and then—ah, then the good fortune will return, and it will be as it was once, and she will again see the little baby and have one to love her and praise her face. When is it that monsieur will begin this so charming picture?"

"Well, mademoiselle Lili, I can hardly say," replied Jack, rather taken aback at her extreme readiness. "Where do you live, and can I find rooms, or an inn, or anything?"

He had to repeat this sentence in various fashions, but at last she said in a puzzled way:

"Do you not live there?" and pointed towards what Jack had supposed to be a great pine forest, dark and gloomy now

in the fading light; he looked again and saw a tower which had escaped his notice. Lili added:

"Monsieur comes from the castle?"

"Not at all," replied Ainslie; "monsieur has walked some fifteen miles from the station, and wants a bed and supper badly."

"Ah!" Lili stood thinking with her great scarlet bouquet pressed to her lips. Then suddenly with a laugh she took Jack's hands and exclaimed:

"I understand. Come, come with me; I will give you half my supper and half——"

"This is a very hospitable country," muttered Jack as she paused. "I hope it's all right!"

"Half—no—all Pierre's bed. Mimo sleeps with me when Pierre is away. Come quickly."

"Yes, certainly," replied Jack. "I wonder who the deuce Pierre is, and Mimo? It's rather queer, somehow."

Lili had no misgivings; she began to sing a gay little air, and danced round Jack like a child. Suddenly as she faced him she turned very white and stood still and mute. Before he could ask the cause of the change, a gruff voice behind said harshly:

"Lili, what dost thou here? Go home at once!"

Turning hastily, Ainslie was confronted by a stalwart man, not tall, but very powerful, in rough fishing dress. His swarthy face was sullen and lowering in expression as he frowned at the frightened girl; at his side lurched a mongrel dog, also of irascible appearance, and the master fingered a great seaman's knife significantly.

Lili's soft lips quivered and tears rolled from her great blue eyes.

"I do nothing wrong, Pierre; scold me not; I thought you far away."

"She's making a mess of it," thought Jack. "Is this truculent looking chap an aggrieved parent? He's much too old for a lover—his hair is gray."

"This monsieur will take my picture; he will give me pretty things such as you cannot, Pierre. Do not, I pray you, be angry; I want it so much, dear Pierre. I am dull—so dull; why may I have no pleasures? I will—I will have my way!"

And stamping her little foot, the girl sobbed with passion like a spoilt child.

"Go home, Lili," repeated Pierre firmly. "Take Mimo with you."

"I hate Mimo, he is ugly! I had a pretty dog once, all silky and white," cried Lili.

Pierre turned towards the dark forest and held up his hand.

"Hark, Lili! hark! do not I hear the howl of a wolf? Run, run quickly; Mimo will guard thee."

That a wolf should appear on a fine summer's evening was, as Ainslie knew, an absurdly improbable idea; but, to his surprise, Lili, with a wild cry of terror, flew like a scared bird across the sands, with Mimo racing by her side.

As soon as she was of sight, Pierre turned towards Ainslie and said deliberately, pointing in an opposite direction:

"That is your road, monsieur."

Jack's blood rose. He said fiercely:

"Not at all, Monsieur Pierre. My road is to the nearest inn, if you object to mademoiselle offering me hospitality."

Pierre's eyes flashed and he gripped his knife.

"There are no inns here for such as you," he growled. "Sleep in the forest, on the beach, at the castle; but go—or it will be the worse for you."

Common-sense was a strong feature in Ainslie's character. With a laugh he said:

"My friend, why so determined that I am an evil-doer? I am a harmless artist, seeking a place to bring my wife and child to for sea bathing and good air; we are weary of towns. See you, I sketched Mademoiselle Lili, but I have hardly spoken to her."

"Your wife and child!" exclaimed Pierre. "Is that really true, monsieur?"

"Very true," replied Jack smiling.

"Monsieur, I ask of you a hundred thousand pardons, but I thought—no matter what. Monsieur's lady is also young and pretty, no doubt, like Lili, and monsieur will therefore understand without words."

"Hanged if I do," thought Jack, then, as a light broke on him, he exclaimed:

"Perfectly, my friend, perfectly. Madame Lili is your wife, and I confess she is so young and charming, I fancied her a child with whom one might exchange a little harmless chaff, see you, but in all respect, my friend, I will swear it to you. I am a family man; I adore my wife, and I am deuced near starving, so I hope this will melt his stony heart."

The last sentence was in English, but Jack's oration proved effective.

Pierre's dark face brightened, his white teeth showed in a pleasant smile.

"Monsieur, how can I atone? If monsieur will come with me, I will show him the inn of my sister, the cleanest and most honest of women. She will be overwhelmed with pride if monsieur brings his lady to her, and I will take him on the sea in my boat, the best in the bay, for a mere song."

The thrifty business-like peasant nature was uppermost; Pierre was delighted to be of use to an English monsieur, doubtless rich and liberal.

He walked on briskly, and then by a short, steep climb, crossed a rocky headland and descended once more into a charmingly picturesque bay, with a number of fishermen's huts grouped under the cliff, and a little inn, which took Mr. Ainslie's fancy at once.

Veuve Margot, who kept it, was a bustling, bright woman, the very person to preside over a house where curious brass pots burnished like gold, quaint pottery and old needle worked bed-hangings prevailed.

A capital supper and good country wine, long in bottle, decided Jack finally as to the advantages of the place, and two days later Lena roamed with him on the sands, and her sturdy baby rolled about in the inn garden.

By the end of the week the Ainslies were friendly with every soul in the place, their kindly, genial, simple ways delighted the fisher folk, who were too independent to have borne patronage or any appearance of superiority, but, who could not do enough to please madame, who played with their babies and showed them her own boy, and chatted with the old women as they knitted in the sun, or went into their boats, as fearlessly as her husband, to see the wonders of the wild rock-girt coast.

Lili speedily attached herself to the new-comers and lavished caresses on the baby. After a few days given to exploration, Ainslie began to plan his intended picture, and consulted with Lena about its details.

Although Pierre was now the very soul of courtesy and amiability, the Ainslies agreed it would be well that Lena was present at the sittings, lest the lurking demon of suspicion be again aroused.

Lena liked dearly to watch her husband at work, and although no artist, was a valuable critic and adviser.

The wild sunset had been followed by a storm, but now the sun shone daily, and outdoor painting would be, they fancied, best. Jack had the knack of painting sunshine, and Lili, with her brilliant natural coloring, lent herself to this style of picture.

Till the sitting commenced, Lena had looked upon her as merely a childish, unworldly little peasant, but more intimacy with the pretty creature gradually revealed to Mrs. Ainslie that something was wanting in the mind of Pierre's young wife, and Lena was startled by discovering that the girl did not believe herself married.

"Married, madame? Oh, no, no. This good Pierre, he is my friend, my brother, what you will; but for my husband I wait, ah, so long," and the blue eyes filled with tears and the soft lips quivered, then with a shy glance round Lili would whisper, "Madame will tell no one, or Pierre and Margot will prevent his coming, but soon he whom I adore will come in the night and carry me away to Paris, and I shall have lovely robes and see all the sights and be as a princess."

"It's rather an odd business," said Jack, when Lena repeated these confidences to him. "I wonder if there is any fellow after the poor child; she is as helpless as a baby, and so pretty."

Lena suggested that she would try and gain more information, and beguiled Lili to walk with her in search of flowers.

Lili loved flowers and liked the society of madame, but would not at first speak of anything but trifles. Presently, as Lena with ungloved hands reached up to gather honeysuckle sprays, the gleam of a diamond ring caught Lili's eye.

"How beautiful," she cried. "Let me see, I pray you. Ah, madame is happy to have such jewels, but I too, poor little Lili, will one day have diamonds; he says so, Raymond says so. I had a lovely necklace, blue, blue as hedge-sparrows' eggs, but it is gone, and I look vainly so often for it." Her voice quivered a little, then in hushed tones the girl went on: "I think Pierre gave it to the wolves that night, but he is angry if I ask him."

Lena tried to get her to say more, but with a burst of sobs, Lili said piteously:

"Madame ask not. There was blood on Pierre's knife, and it kills me to think of it. My head seems all confused; I cannot think, but always I hear the wolves howling when the snow falls."

"Poor child, there must be some tragedy in her life," thought Lena, and soothing her, they wandered on, attracted by the quantities of wild flowers, till suddenly a turn of the path brought them to a little wayside chapel.

Lili announced that she would tell her beads, and entering knelt down. Mrs. Ainslie followed, and sitting by the girl, glanced round the little building, and presently moved quietly up to examine some curious votive offerings of ships and other things.

A cry from Lili startled her. With wide-opened eyes and outstretched hand, Lili exclaimed:

"My necklace! my necklace! Ah! now I know. My baby flew up to heaven and gave it to the Blessed Virgin. Look, madame, look!"

Mrs. Ainslie's eyes fell on the figure of the Madonna at the side altar, and about the neck she saw that an ornament was clasped of curious and expensive make—turquoise of the finest color, set with small brilliants and connected by many slender chains.

Lili was enchanted, and with great difficulty could be persuaded to leave the chapel, till, at length, Mrs. Ainslie, remembering her fear of wolves, reminded her that it grew late and they were on the edge of the forest.

There was no need to repeat the warning. Lili hurried on her homeward path, and presently, in the dusk, they saw a figure approaching in a dark cloak. Mrs. Ainslie recognized her husband; but Lili, with an exclamation of joy, cried:

"He comes at last; it is Raymond. No one else wears a Spanish cloak," and flew towards him.

Then, finding herself mistaken, burst into tears and cried like a heart-broken child all the way home, till Lena contrived to coax her to smiles by promising to give her a silver brooch, which caused her to forget everything else; and as Pierre luckily was out fishing, her tears were undetected by him.

Although Lili's husband was on friendly terms with the artist, he did not seem to care for the picture. He had consented to Lili acting as model, at her eager request; but though Jack saw him once, when he had deserted his easel for a brief rest, gazing earnestly at the painting, which was a successful likeness, he would not even look at it at other times.

The mystery of the lovely girl and her husband interested the Ainslies, but it was clear Pierre would give no light on the subject.

He chatted eagerly and sensibly on all indifferent matters, had a certain half-developed eye for effects of color by sea and land, and took interest in Jack's marine sketches, even suggesting likely points of view.

A new subject of interest, however, put Lili and Pierre rather out of the Ainslies' minds temporarily. The great lady of the place, who lived at the Castle in the forest, sent her steward with a courteous message to ask Mr. Ainslie if he would visit her, as she was too infirm to leave her home, and was most anxious to have a picture copied; and if Madame Ainslie would pardon her inability to call, and accompany him, the countess' carriage would be sent for them.

Lena was delighted. Jack grumbled a little in a good-natured fashion at the idea of leaving his delicious outdoor life, but was rather pleased at the attention to Lena.

So the heavy, handsome conveyance, with its massive harness and fine but aged black horses and equally venerable servants, came, and the Ainslies drove off through the forest, where, as they drew nearer the dark pine trees predominated over the brighter green of oak or beech, giving a gloomy and sombre appearance, which was not dispelled by the first view of the castle itself, a many storied battlemented pile of grey stone, with no sign or sound of life about it.

Through the massive doorway Mr. Ainslie and his wife passed into a noble hall, with shining pavements of costly marble, and then followed the servants who received them, through magnificent saloons, furnished in the style of a bygone day, but evidently unused, and striking the strangers as dreary beyond expression.

Beyond these melancholy rooms, which had once, no doubt, been the scene of many splendid entertainments, they found a smaller apartment, which, though severely simple and devoid of anything to give brightness, such as fresh flowers or books, except a few which were evidently religious works, still had windows from which a fine view could be enjoyed, and out of them steps led to an old-world garden, terraced, adorned with the quaintest cut trees and many statues, but perfectly delightful in its special fashion to an artist.

In a high carved chair, with her back to the view, sat the countess, a woman who showed traces yet of rare beauty, though her face was almost corpse-like in its pallor, and under the great dark eyes were deep lines, which Lena's fanciful mind at once concluded had been worn by much weeping.

She wore deep mourning and her white hair was banded plainly under a black veil.

Her voice and manner were those of a refined, highly-bred lady, and she seemed attracted by Lena's bright English face, and begged her to remain while Jack went with the major-domo to see the picture that was to be copied, and evidently laid herself out to please her young guest.

She explained briefly that she had long desired a replica of the picture, which was a fine Madonna of the Italian school, to give as an altar-piece to the convent where her only surviving child was a nun, and seemed pleased that Mr. Ainslie expressed himself able and willing to undertake the work, as she was too much out of the world to find any one to take her commission. The terms offered were extremely liberal, and Jack thought almost unnecessarily so; but evidently the countess was not accustomed to have her will disputed, and with courteous decision she settled the matter, begging Mr. Ainslie to use his own discretion as to the hours given to the work, and explaining that a room would be set apart as a studio, meals provided, if he would do her the honor to accept her hospitality, horses or a carriage placed at his disposal: and having thus liberally arranged for his comfort, the countess added with a charming smile:

"And if madame will accompany monsieur sometimes, it will be an inducement to him to come, as a bridegroom cannot be parted from so sweet a bride long."

Lena laughed merrily and said:

"Madame is too kind, too thoughtful. I should love to come, but I am an old married woman with a son—not a bride."

"A son," said the old lady with an indescribably sad intonation. "I will remember him in my prayers. May Heaven and the blessed saints grant that your bright eyes be never dimmed with weeping for him. Adieu, my house is at your service."

"And you are going to copy her picture, Jack, after all," said Lena as they drove home. "I thought this morning you were planning polite—well, let us say fibs."

"So I was," replied Jack candidly. "Had a really nice one quite ready, too, but the old dame interested me, and she seemed so bent upon it, and then that dignified bag of bones who took me to see it implored me to gratify his mistress, she so rarely wished for anything now, that I felt soft and gave in like a duffer."

"No, like a dear, good natured boy," said Lena coaxingly. "I am glad, for I want to explore the place. I hope the invitation was a real one, not Chinese."

It was very genuine. If Jack went to the castle alone, the major-domo or a gentle old priest—no one seemed young there,—brought a message of inquiry for Mrs. Ainslie, and often a bouquet or some choice fruit were sent for her.

The young artist and his wife found that they might go at will in the state apartments and picture galleries, and examine all the beautiful and curious art treasures, which were costly and numerous. The ancient bag of bones, as Jack nicknamed him, delighted to talk of the past glories of the place and describe the portraits.

One especially attracted Lena. It was evidently of recent date, and the proud, beautiful face of the young man took her fancy. The old servant made no reply to her questions at first, then said briefly:

"Madame, that is the only son of my mistress, and he is dead."

His voice broke and he turned away drying his eyes, and Lena was too considerate to ask more.

Wandering, however, one day alone, she came to a little door concealed by evergreens, but unlocked and ajar. Curiosity led her to enter, and she found herself in a small chapel, which she guessed was part of the private chapel she had already entered.

It contained some tombs, and on one was a recumbent figure in white marble, around which were piled fresh flowers and immortelles, almost concealing the inscription.

Lena had just made out, "Count Raymond de St. Marien," and, lower down "Killed by wolves," when steps coming slowly through the other part of the chapel and the soft rustle of a dress startled her, and, feeling she had no right there, Lena hastily retreated, but, glancing back as she closed the door noiselessly, saw the countess enter and prostrate herself before the young count's tomb, and a sound of convulsive sobs reached Lena's ears.

Raymond was the name Lili had used, and Lena's curiosity became, as Jack declared, positively effervescent, and he could not answer for the consequences if she found no safety-valve; even a request that she would bring her little boy to be seen by the countess was only a temporary change of ideas.

Master Charlie Ainslie was a splendid curly-headed, bright eyed, dimpled fellow, able to toddle bravely and not in the least shy, having traveled so much in his brief life.

He accepted the attentions of the countess affably, played with her rings, blew open her watch, and laughed merrily at the gentle old Father Joseph, the servants, and every one he saw, holding quite a little court on the terrace right royally.

There was something pathetic, Lena thought, in seeing a group of sad elderly people so engrossed with a baby boy; he showed how devoid their lives were of interest and variety.

When at length it was time to take the little hero away he resisted, and, throwing his fat arms round the neck of the countess, said, "Me not go yet, me likes lady." The countess clasped him fondly and kept him close for a while, then with a tender, lingering kiss, put him in Lena's arms.

"My dear," she said, "no one has for years given me such a happy hour. It is long, long since I have kissed a little child; I may never kiss another. You will permit me to give your boy a little souvenir of to-day; I can take no refusal of this fancy of mine."

And with her queenly air she took a lovely diamond pin from her dress and fastened the child's sash with it.

Lena hardly liked accepting so costly a gift, but as the kindly priest escorted her to the carriage he said:

"Madame, your little one's presence has outweighed a thousand jewels to the countess. It is the first time I have seen a smile on her face since her son died."

"Lucky young dog," remarked his father. "Perhaps the countess would like him as a present. You'll give him, won't you, Lena?"

At which question the young dog's mother was naturally indignant.

It had occurred to Mrs. Ainslie that their cheery landlady could tell her all about Lili, but she was a busy soul and never quiet.

At last, however, a trifling sprain forced her to lay up, and Lena seized the chance for a good gossip.

The Widow Margot was at first reticent, but the cunning little English lady was persistent, and at length the questions she asked elicited so much that Margot gave in, and possibly secretly rather glad to talk, told her all, gradually as the tale drew to its climax, warming into something like dramatic effect in her narration.

"Lili was the daughter of a maid of the countess', who, widowed very early, was taken back to the castle, and her child grew up as attendant on one of the young ladies—there were two, Mademoiselle Francoise, always pious, with a strong vocation and plain of face, she is a nun of the strictest order; Mademoiselle Julie, beautiful and gay, married a young nobleman, and she, madame, she died of her first child; the shock of her brother's death, told her by a stupid maid, killed her. But this is going too far on; it is of Lili that I would speak. Lili was as madame sees, pretty, light of heart, all there is of most attractive to men. Ah! it is not well for poor girls to be so pretty unless they are also steady; I was always grave myself, madame, and discreet."

"And I am sure you also were very pretty," said insinuating Mrs. Lena in her sweetest tones.

"Ah, madame is a sad flatterer. Well, some thought me—not ugly. However, Pierre, my brother, was mad after Lili; he was well off then for his station, and the countess thought it good for Lili, and so did her mother; for she, poor soul, was dying of consumption, and only lived after the wedding a month.

"Lili, she was as a child pleased at change; she was not sixteen, see you, and her new dresses given by the ladies and her house pleased her greatly. She liked Pierre with a child's liking, and he adored her, and when the baby came, a boy as lovely as madame's own, Pierre was the happiest man in the country.

"Then came back Count Raymond. Ah, but he was handsome as a prince, and so gay and good-natured, not haughty as some nobles, but always the smile and the jesting word for high or low and the silver pieces for the aged and poor. Ah, but we loved him, madame; how could we tell?

"Pierre and Lili had a good stone house and many cows, near the forest, but a bank failed. Pierre lost money, and just then the count bought a beautiful yacht, and Pierre, who knew every yard of the coast, must be captain; he would take no refusal. Pierre earned money, and an old artist came to the castle and offered Lili gold to paint her in a picture as monsieur has done. The countess wished to please him and Lili went. He was old and it was all right. But none knew that Count Raymond saw her too often, and he loved her. Ah, madame, with a true love which, had she been single, would have made her his wife, if possible; but as it grew to be a sin, for she was not free, and Pierre loved her also with so great a love, and trusted her in all things too much, for she was still but a child, though a mother, and children must be guarded from themselves. Lili was not wicked, but she was vain, and pleased with the count's flatteries, and Pierre had not touched her heart; he was, perhaps, too old and grave.

"We know not how much she tried to resist, and to do right before she let the young count, with his beautiful face and handsome clothes and horses, grow too dear to her; so dear that she forgot all, even the baby, which was fair as a cherub, and dreamt but of him.

"The winter came on with a terrible severity, such as even the oldest here remembered not. I was recently widowed and Pierre took me home, Lili being willing, and in spite of the bitter cold and deep snow, gay as a singing bird and blooming as a rose, though we never suspected that it was the love hidden in her breast that made summer of her thoughts.

"Madame knows that the great black forests stretch far away into the wild mountains where no man lives, and there are wolves and other wild beasts, which sometimes Count Raymond and his friends hunted. They came not down often, but in this fearful winter tales spread of wolves attacking lonely travelers or destroying ill-protected cattle; they had not been seen near this village, and we fancied that it was quite safe from them.

"Pierre came in one day and said Count Raymond was determined to go to Nice with his yacht for a little while, and as the sea was smooth and the wind fair, he wished to send her off at once.

"Lili showed little surprise but much solicitude and busied herself over Pierre's clothes, for the time was short, and he started for Gibraltar, where monsieur the count would follow when his guests left, for the castle was full, and they had sleighing, skating and many amusements daily.

"After Pierre left my mind misgave me as to the weather: I know the signs of the sea and sea-birds; but when old Mother Lacq's son came to tell me that she was ill, I went to her, Lili kissing me, folding a shawl of her own about me and coming with me a little way, her white curly dog that we thought Madame Julie had given her, frisking before us. Madame, I stayed some hours with Mother Lacq; Lili had assured me she was not afraid to be left alone. And the snow, as I had dreaded, came on suddenly like a white wall. Never, never, was such snow seen, and the wind blew with force indescribable, far into the dusk, even into the night, it went on, then suddenly it ceased and the moon shone out.

"Jean Lacq would have had me stay, but something in my heart drew me homewards, and the snow had been driven so by the wind that the path was fairly good, though here and there were drifts—many of them high as houses.

"He came with me till I sent him back to his mother, for I feared not, till when almost at home, far away in the forest I heard a cry. Oh, but, madame, it was the most fearful sound, and was repeated thrice. Trembling I flew on, for the air seemed full of sounds, dreary and terrifying, though not like those screams.

"There was a lamp burning, but the door was open. I knew something must be wrong then in the house, even before I entered, and on the hearth, usually so clean and white, were stains of blood and dirty marks as if some great dogs with wet feet had trodden the ashes over the floor.

"I called to Lili, but in vain; the cradle, a heavy one of carved wood, lay on its side; the babe was gone; and a piece of blood stained white hair, which I knew must be little Toto, the dog's coat, was all that remained of him.

"Almost dead with fear, I bolted and barred the door, and sat shivering and praying over the fire till the late dawn came with a dull streak in the east. I knew not what to think; my brain reeled.

"Suddenly, quite close at hand, I heard a woman's shriek, and in a moment or two there was a hasty knocking at the door.

"I opened it, and Pierre almost thrust Lili into my arms, and went without a word. I could just see he was white as a corpse and had a great knife red to the hilt in his hand.

"I turned to Lili and stood horror-stricken.

'She was dressed in all her best clothes as for a feast. In her ears sparkled diamonds, a beautiful necklace was around her neck, her eyes shone like fire, her cheeks were crimson; never, never had she been half so beautiful before; but her gay dress was torn and stained, and a rich cloak which I knew not, was about her shoulder; and as I would have unfastened it I saw blood on it fresh and wet.

"She laughed as I took it off; oh, such a frightful laugh, it froze my heart, and throwing herself into a chair she rocked it to and fro, crooning an old lullaby over what for one moment I had deemed her babe pressed close to her breast.

"Oh, how can I tell you, madame? It was not the lovely laughing darling I had left, but a poor little torn, mangled, half-devoured corpse only to be recognized by its fair curls; and Lili, God help her, had seen it, and it was then she screamed, and perhaps in mercy at that moment her senses left her.

"I could not take it from her; she sat and sang, and sometimes laughed the terrible laugh, but never spoke one word."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT]

WINTER LIFE IN HOLLAND.—In Holland the fun of winter life takes many forms, and winter facilitates locomotion, as the highways of summer available for boats become the best thoroughfares for those who skate. In this way, directly the ice bears, visits are made and distances travelled which cannot be done in summer; and, instead of going round and round as we do here on a small confined space, the Dutch make up a party and pay a visit to some neighboring town or village. A bright winter's morning is always exhilirating; how much more so when cheerful company, free exercise, variety of character, and constant change of scene all tend to mark the day as a red letter one. Should the frost be sufficiently severe, a river is most interesting, being on a large scale and partaking more of the character of a fair, which is the case, for instance, on the Maas, at Rotterdam.

The Maas runs very strongly, and the difficulty is for the first coating of ice to form. When a severe frost catches the still water during the night, then "once begun, soon done," and the crews who turn into their berths at night, wake up in the morning to find themselves frozen in. The canals naturally soon freeze over, and the boat traffic is supplanted by baggage sledges, large and small. Near dwelling-houses are seen little box-sledges for the children.

These are the same as the seventeenth century contrivances—the child, sits with just room for its feet, and, with stick in each hand, pushes astern and propels itself ahead. The adult sledges are in some cases simply gorgeous, as the opportunity affords great latitude for form, great scope for variety of gear, harness, and trappings. They are generally rather of the swan outline, the sleighers sitting in the body, the driver perched at the back, as on the tail, the sweeping-irons following the curve of the swan's neck; over these run the reins. One horse generally constitutes the team.

Bric-a-Brac.

HELD RESPONSIBLE.—When a theft is committed in the street in China, the shopkeeper in front of whose store the robbery occurred is held responsible, pending the capture of the culprit. Should he not be found, the merchants along the street may be compelled to make good the loss. This makes a detective of every Chinaman, and lawbreakers are always brought to justice.

TIPS.—Here is an interesting bit of philology. It concerns the origin of the word "tip" and throws a little light on the origin of the custom. In old English taverns a receptable for small coin was placed conspicuously and over it was written, "To Insure Promptness." Whatever was dropped in the box by guests was divided among the servants. In the course of time the abbreviated form "T. I. P." was used.

IN BABYLONIA.—The "beer-house" was a regular institution in Babylonia in very early times. In a hymn which is considered to be as old as B. C. 2000 we read the complaint of a people to the god who neglects them—"Thou comest not near our sheep-folds or our oxen, near our city or our market-place or our public-house." The beer formed part of the temple offerings in Chaldea as in Egypt, and according to an inscription of Assarbanipal, large quantities were given away on occasions of rejoicing.

DRINKING SKOAL.—They have a most elaborate way of "taking wine" with each other in Norway. If at a dinner-party a man wishes to "take wine" with a person—to drink Skoal with him—he first calls upon him by name; and then, keeping his eyes fixed on the man whose health he wishes to drink, he raises his glass. Each action is followed by this man, who, keeping his eyes fixed on the other's eyes, empties his glass, raises it to show that it is empty, says "Skoal," and bows.

HOUSEL.—The English peasantry in some localities had an odd superstition that it was unlucky to take anything out of the house until something had been brought in, so very early in the morning the wights would leap out of bed and rush forth, soon to return with pieces of coal or stone in their hands, hoping thereby to avert misfortune. Here is an old rhyme of warning:

> Take out, then take in,
> Bad luck will begin.
> Take in, then take out,
> Good luck comes about.

THE GINGERBREAD TREE.—There is a species of palm twenty-five or thirty feet in height, growing in Egypt, Abyssinia, Nubia, and Arabia, producing fruits in long clusters, each of which contains from one to two hundred. These fruits are of an irregular form, of a rich yellowish-brown color, and are beautifully polished. In Upper Egypt they form part of the food of the poorer classes, the part eaten being the fibrous mealy husk, which tastes almost exactly like gingerbread, whence the popular name of "gingerbread tree" in Egypt.

THE CHESTNUT.—The reason why a hoary anecdote is called a chestnut is not so well known. In an old play called "The Broken Sword" there is a captain who is always telling old stories, the details of which often vary. He starts a tale about a cork-tree, when he is interrupted by another character, who suggests, "It was a chestnut, captain—a chestnut!" "Bah," says the captain—"I say a cork tree!" "A chestnut," repeats the other. "I should know as well as you, having heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times." At a dinner one evening a gentleman was telling a story of considerable antiquity, when an actor present, who had played in "The Broken Sword," said, half audibly, "A chestnut. I have heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times!"

UNCHANGED.

BY K. C.

I know not if the roses bloom
In fragrant clusters 'round my home,
As sweet as when, long years ago,
They watched with me for one to come;
I only know the love remains—
The love of which they seemed a part,
And, though the snow is on my hair,
Love's roses blossom in my heart.

I know not if the song-birds thrill
My dear Last garden with their lay,
As blithe and clear as he would sing
Along our lane at close of day;
I only know, though song be mute,
It's tender echo haunts me still
With heart-delight and solace sweet
That years of silence cannot kill.

I know not if my love be changed
In that fair land beyond death's sea—
If, in an atmosphere divine,
Poor human love less dear may be;
I only know true love outlives
Its own deep loss, and suffers long;
Unchanged, my heart and I await
Love's fadeless rose, Heaven's endless song!

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GAUNT glanced at the stained washstand.

"Eh? Oh, ah, yes, I think I have. No, no, it is nothing. No, I won't have anything, thanks, Wilkins; I will go straight up; I am tired. You will have me called at half past six, please?"

He went to his room, not a large one, but an extremely comfortable one, for Morlet's Hotel was the perfection of comfort in all respects, and, locking the door, flung himself into a chair beside the fire.

Yes, his life was ended. Remorse and love tore at his heart like a couple of vultures. That he who loved her so truly, so truly, should have tempted her to ruin. His sweet, innocent, girl-love, his pure, white angel! And he should never see her again.

The thought affected him as at that moment its parallel was affecting Decima. He could have borne the parting—the eternal parting—better if he had not known that she returned his love; but to know that she loved him—actually loved him!—and to leave her for ever, was a torture that nearly drove him mad.

Incredible as it may seem, he had not yet thought of his wife. There was only room for Decima in his mind and heart. As to what Laura would do he was perfectly indifferent, when he did force himself to think of her.

That she would carry out her threat, claim her right as his wife, and drag his name in the mire, was quite possible, and, more, probable; but what did it matter? Nothing she could do could affect him. In a few hours he would have left England.

It was very certain that he would never return. She might do just what she pleased. He would give her, surrender to her, all she claimed—excepting himself. His rank, his wealth, the position due to her as his wife, she might have; but not himself.

Then his thoughts returned to Decima. She must not marry Mershon. That, he felt she would not do; but he would destroy Mershon's power; he would release the Deanes from the man's clutches. That, at any rate, he could do.

He went to the writing-table, and wrote a letter to Pelford and Lang, the lawyers. It was short, and to the point.

"Ascertain," he said, "the amount in which Mr. Peter Deane is indebted to Mr. Mershon, and any persons connected with the company started by him and Mr. Mershon, and discharge all his liabilities. I give you absolute full power in the matter, and request that you will carry it through without a day's delay. It will have to be done with tact and discretion; and I leave the mode of doing it entirely to you, insisting only that it shall be done at once."

He drew a breath of relief as he addressed the envelope. At least he could snatch his dearest from Mr. Mershon's clutches. But, alas! that was all he could do!

He could not heal the heart which he had broken—for that he had broken it, the memory of her face, of her eyes, as they rested on him at the moment of their parting, convinced him.

Yes, that was what his love for her had wrought! He had broken her heart. Perhaps, after all, it would have been better if that other woman had not come in, and he and Decima had gone away together—together!

But he put the thought away from him. It was desecration, a sacrilege. He had been mad with passion, with the intoxication of her presence, her sweet voice, and, more than all, her confession of love.

He paced up and down the room until dawn, then he packed the single bag he had with him—the rest of his luggage was already on board—and, flinging himself on the bed, tried to sleep; and he was still awake when the maid knocked at the door.

The sight of his face in the glass startled him; he was shaking like a man suffering from the effects of a drinking bout. But the cold bath pulled him together somewhat, and he made a pretence of eating the admirably cooked breakfast. Then he got into a cab, and was driven to Charing Cross.

Waterloo was his station for Southampton; but he had not intended taking Decima to Africa; he was known at Cape Town, was known to the officers of the vessel—the Pevensey Castle—in which he had booked his passage; so he had fixed on Egypt as their place of refuge; and he drove to Charing Cross on the chance. She might be there!

The clock struck eight as he drove into the station yard. He told the cabman to wait, and then looked for her—though he knew that she would not come.

She had not come. With a sigh and a twitch of the set lips he got into the cab again, and was driven to Waterloo. He was just in time to catch the train.

At Southampton one of the Castle officials met him and conducted him to the vessel.

"Your luggage and cases are on board, my lord," he said. "Is that all you have? We start in less than an hour, or thereabouts."

Gaunt went down to his cabin—the best in the vessel—and found everything arranged comfortably. After a few minutes he went on deck, and lighting a cigar, got into a quiet corner and leant against the side, apparently watching the bustling crowd below, but in reality seeing nothing of it.

A girl's face, white and terror-stricken, with quivering lips and straining eyes, floated before him; above the shouts of the men, and the clatter of the arriving passengers, he heard Decima's voice crying, "Your wife! your wife!"

About half an hour before the sailing time, Gaunt saw a man come along the gangway, carrying a bag in his hand. He was a young man, with red hair and a pale face, with small, bloodshot eyes. The collar of his overcoat was turned up, and he looked cold and ill.

He came across the deck, and paused by Gaunt, and looked round. Gaunt watched him listlessly, scarcely noticing him. Presently the steward came to him, and asked him the number of his berth.

The young fellow hesitated a moment, then he said, in a dull, expressionless voice:

"I don't know it yet. My name is Jackson; I wired for a berth this morning."

The steward consulted his list.

"Ah, yes; 'Jackson.' That's right, sir. I got the wire. I'm afraid you won't think the cabin first-rate, but it was short notice, you see."

Mr. Jackson nodded.

"I didn't know I was going till last night," he said. "Important business over there—sprung on me suddenly."

The steward nodded. A great many persons has, of late, had important business sprung upon them from Africa, and had been compelled to rush over there suddenly, and at short notice.

"No. 63, sir," he said. "If you'll come down, I'll show you."

"Thanks," said Mr. Jackson, "When—when do we start?"

"Almost immediately, sir," said the steward, bustling ahead. The young fellow glanced towards the quay, and round the deck, then followed him below.

The bustle and confusion increased; then suddenly the signal sounded for the departure from the vessel of those who were not going the voyage, and the usual partings of relatives and friends took place, and the visitors hurried ashore.

A few minutes later the vessel started, and, amidst cheering and handkerchief waving, showed from the quay. Gaunt still remained in his quiet corner, and presently he saw the red-headed Mr. Jackson come up from the saloon.

He stood at the entrance for a moment or two, then came across the deck and looked gloomily, and yet vacantly, at the now fast receding quay; as he did so, he took out a cigar-case, and absently put a cigar between his lips. It was evident that his match-box was empty, for he dropped it into his pocket again and looked round.

Gaunt was standing near and silently extended his box. Mr. Jackson took it and lit a match, and Gaunt noticed that the man's hand shook. He looked across the lighted match as he held it to his cigar, and caught Gaunt's eye; and, as if he knew that Gaunt had noticed the shaking hand, he said, rather reluctantly:

"Cold, this morning!"

Gaunt nodded. He was not in the humor for conversation.

"Beastly cold!" said Mr. Jackson, with a faint shudder. "But I'm seedy—and—and feel it more than I should otherwise do, I suppose?" He was silent for a moment, then he asked, carelessly:

"Do we stop at Madeira, do you happen to know? I've had to start suddenly—important business at the Cape—only heard last night—and so I don't know."

"No; this is not one of the regular vessels. We stop at the Canaries."

The young fellow nodded.

"Ah, thanks!" he said, in a low voice.

Gaunt moved away, and presently went down to his cabin to avoid any further talk. His heart was aching as badly as any on board—aching with an agony beyond words.

He was leaving England and Decima forever. Farewell love and all hope in life. Despair stretched darkly before him.

* * * * * *

About an hour after Trevor had stolen from Prince's Mansions, the parlor-maid glanced up at the clock in the kitchen.

"I suppose his lordship isn't coming back to-night, or he'd have told me to get a room ready?" she remarked to the cook, who yawned in sympathy; "and yet he's left his coat."

"Perhaps he's come back and got it," suggested the cook.

"No, or I should have heard him, for I've been listening. I wonder when Mrs. Dalton left? I didn't see her go, and his lordship didn't ring. She and Mr. Deane's sister must have gone together, I suppose. Now, there's a pretty girl, if you like, cook! and the image of her brother. We've had quite a lot of visitors to-night," and she laughed.

"Perhaps they're in the drawing-room now?" said the cook.

Jane shook her head.

"No, it's all quiet. I went and listened at the door just now, and, not hearing anyone, I knocked and looked in. There is no one there. I got a start, though," she added, with a smile.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, his lordship had thrown his fur coat on the sofa, and it looks for all the world as it somebody was lying there," replied Jane. She yawned again.

"Well, I think we'd better go to bed; it's no use sitting up for Mr. Deane. I expect he's at Cardigan Terrace; and, if so, he won't be home till the small hours!"

"Better see to the drawing-room fire, hadn't you?" said the cook, as she turned down the page of her novel; but Jane shook her head.

"Oh, it don't matter. Mr. Deane always goes straight to bed when he comes in; I hear his door shut."

The two women went to bed after a little more talk, and the place was wrapt in silence. Bobby was not an early riser—few young persons are; it is the middle-aged and the old who find it easier to get up than to lie thinking—and if Bobby got his breakfast by ten o'clock he was quite suited and satisfied. Lord Gaunt's servants had an easy time of it in that respect.

It was past nine when Jane went into the drawing-room to light the fire. The electric lamp was still burning, and she looked over her shoulder and called to the cook.

"Mr. Deane hasn't come in yet," she said. "I wonder where he is?"

The cook grumbled incoherently. "I suppose I had better get breakfast all the same?" she said. "If I don't he'll come rushing in, and want it all of a hurry. It always happens like that."

Jane laughed, turned out the lamp and drew back the curtains. As she did so she was conscious of a faint perfume; she knew it very well, for it was the scent that always hung about Mr. Deane's clothes when he had been to Cardigan Terrace. But it was stronger than usual in the room this morning.

She opened the window and laid and lit the fire, picking up the shattered photograph, then began to sweep the room, but her eyes fell on the costly coat on the sofa.

"I'd better take it into the bedroom," she said to herself, "or it will be smothered with the dust. Lor', how careless gentlefolks are of their things."

A moment afterwards a shriek rang through the place, and the cook, rushing into the room whence the cry had proceeded, found her fellow-servant leaning against the table, with the coat at her feet, and her eyes staring at something on the sofa.

"Oh, Jane, whatever is the matter?" Then she, too, screamed, and the two women stood, clinging to each other, and staring at the motionless figure with terror in their eyes.

Their cries, repeated again and again, brought the porter and the page into the room, followed by two or three occupants of the other flats; amongst the latter was a retired army doctor, who, taking in the situation at a glance, pushed his way to the couch, and examined the body.

"She is dead!" he said gravely. "Who are the servants here? Ah! Do you know the lady? Who is she?"

Jane, half fainting, gasped out the name.

"It's Mrs. Dalton—Mr. Thorpe's sister! She came here last night!" She broke into terrified sobs.

"Alone?" asked the doctor. "But stop—better not answer. Let someone go for the gentleman, Mr. Thorpe. Here, boy, take a cab and bring him!" He thrust the page-boy from the room, and turned to the porter as he did so; "and you go for the police."

In a very short time two policemen were on the scene. They cleared the room, and mounted guard beside the body.

"We've sent to Scotland Yard for a detective officer," one said to the doctor! He arrived before Morgan Thorpe, and at once, with the sangfroid of experience, took possession of "the case;" and, with note-book in hand, he was questioning the servants when Morgan Thorpe burst in.

He was white as death, but the pallor increased to lividity as he bent over the body and gazed at the beautiful face, now placid with the rest and peace of death.

"You know her; identify her?" asked the detective. "Of course, I warn you that anything you say—you understand?"

"Yes; she is—is my sister!" said Thorpe; leaning against the table, and staring at the dead woman. "My sister; yes!"

"You knew she had come here?"

Thorpe nodded.

"Why did she come here? Whom did she come to see?"

"Deane," replied Thorpe. In that moment, falsehood, evasion, were impossible.

"Deane—who is he?"

"He lives here—in these rooms," said Thorpe. "I thought she was at home—in her room! I came back late last night from the club—it was early this morning. Her door was closed. I—I thought she was in bed! I went to my room, and—and I was in bed when they fetched me! Who—who has done it? She has been murdered!"

"I'm afraid so," said the detective, grimly. He looked at the Persian dagger, which lay on the floor, as it had dropped from Trevor's hand.

"That did it; don't touch it, please," he added, though any of those present would have died rather than do so. "Why did she come here to see Mr. Deane—a lady—alone—you know?"

Thorpe moistened his parched lips. "Give me something—brandy!"

The detective nodded, and the doctor poured out a glass of brandy for Thorpe. He drank it at a draught.

"I'll tell you all I know. She—she—" He shuddered. "She came here to—to get some money from him."

The detective made a note.

"Go on," he said, gravely. "Came to threaten him?"

"No, no—only—only persuade," said Thorpe.

"Oh, Laura—Laura!"

The detective turned to the trembling, shrinking servants.

"Where is Mr. Deane?" he asked.

"I—I don't know, sir!" said Jane, with a terrified sob. "He—he hasn't been home all night."

"How do you know that?" demanded the detective, quietly. The girl looked round with a bewildered air.

"He hasn't—so far as I know."

The detective nodded. His sharp eye had caught the shattered portrait frame.

where Jane, all unsuspectingly—she thought that it had been accidentally knocked off the mantel piece—had placed it on the table. He took it up.

"Portrait of the deceased. Whose is it?"

"Mr.—Mr. Deane's, sir," sobbed Jane. "He—he put it on the mantel-shelf the other day."

It all seemed so plain to the shrewd detective. The woman had come to threaten or cajole this Mr. Deane, a quarrel had ensued; the broken portrait, the dagger. It was all quite plain.

"Give me a description of Mr. Deane, will you?" he said.

Thorpe, with his hand to his heart, tried to describe Bobby, and the detective took notes.

"You can go into the kitchen," he said to the servants, "but don't leave the place, please."

"It's quite evident who's to blame here," he said to the army doctor, who stood grave and attentive. "I'll get a warrant for this Mr. Deane."

Thorpe overheard, and looked up, with a bewildered expression.

"Deane—Deane did not do it," he said, feebly. "He—he isn't capable of it! Oh, why did I let her come? It isn't Deane!"

But the detective smiled—a superior smile. His experience had convinced him that, as a rule, there was very little mystery about a murder. It was only in novels that there was any doubt as to the criminal who had committed the deed.

He went to the door of the inner room, and tried it.

"Locked," he said to one of the constables. "Go round, and see if the key's inside."

The man went round and unlocked the door, and the detective passed through the suite of rooms, noting everything with his sharp eyes, and re-entered the drawing-room by the passage.

"He got off through those rooms," he said to the doctor.

"The—the scoundrel!" he gasped in response. "You—you will be able to get him?"

The detective smiled confidently.

"Oh, yes; crime's too recent for him to escape. I'll have him under the hue and cry in half an hour."

Leaving the policeman in charge, he went back to Scotland yard, and in a few minutes, a fairly accurate description of Bobby was being flashed over the country.

Then the detective, with other officials, returned to the mansions two hours later. Morgan Thorpe was still there, seated in a chair, his head in his hands. He had finished the decanter of brandy, and was looking half stupefied.

As they entered, he looked up in a bewildered fashion.

"Have—have you found him?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"No," said the detective; "but we shall have him presently, without a doubt. He can't have got far."

At this moment the door was flung open, and Bobby and an elderly man entered, in hot taste.

Morgan Thorpe sprang to his feet.

"Deane!" he exclaimed.

The detective stepped behind Bobby, and shut the door.

"Mr. Deane, I think?" he said, politely. "I arrest you——"

But Bobby had sprung to the sofa, and stood, white and shuddering, before the white sheet with which they had reverently covered the dead woman.

"It—it is not true!" he cried. "Oh, it can't—it can't be! Thorpe!" he flung his hands out in appeal, "tell me it isn't true!"

Thorpe stared at him.

"She's dead—murdered!" he gasped, with hanging under-lip. "Murdered here—last night—in your rooms!"

"What!" cried Bobby.

The detective laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Mr. Deane, I arrest you on a charge of wilful murder!"

Bobby turned his eyes upon him, too stunned to speak; but the elderly gentleman beside him said, with agitation:

"There is some mistake. If the poor creature was murdered last night, Mr. Deane is certainly not the criminal; for he spent all last evening at my house at Putney; he came to dine, with two other gentlemen—also pupils of mine—and remained the night. I—the other guests, the servants—can prove this."

The detective was staggered.

"She came to see him. She was found covered by your coat," he indicated the fur coat.

"Mine? No!" said Bobby.

The detective looked round at the servants sharply.

"Whose coat is this?" he asked sternly.

Jane gasped for breath.

"My master's—Lord—Lord Gaunt's!" she said at last.

The detective frowned.

"When did you see Lord Gaunt last?" he asked, quickly.

"Last night—about ten—he passed me in the corridor."

"He was here, then?"

She nodded, spasmodically.

"Yes, I let him in."

"Did he wear that coat?"

She nodded, and fell to sobbing.

"Yes; he came in it; he left without it; but—but if you think that his lordship did it, you're wrong, wrong. He couldn't!"

The detective turned swiftly upon Morgan Thorpe.

"Did your sister know Lord Gaunt?" he asked.

Morgan Thorpe got up and steadied himself by the back of the chair.

"It's no use keeping it back," he said, as it to himself. "Gentlemen, my poor sister was—was Lord Gaunt's—wife!"

"His wife! You described her as Mrs. Dalton."

"She was his wife," said Thorpe, with a kind of dogged sullenness. "They—they were separated. He left her. They must have met by accident here last night."

One of the Scotland yard officials drew the detective aside.

"You've made a mistake this time," he said in a low voice. "The man you want is this Lord Gaunt! Hurry up! You've lost a lot of time as it is!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE detective was staggered, and looked round rather sullenly. His professional reputation was a high one, and he felt his mistake acutely.

"What hotel does Lord Gaunt use?" he asked of the servant.

"He always goes to Morlet's when the rooms are being done up, or he can't sleep here for any reason," said Jane, weeping. "But it isn't his lordship——"

The detective left the room, and got into a cab.

"Lord Gaunt in?" he inquired, carelessly, of Wilkins.

"His lordship left us early this morning, sir," was the reply.

The detective had quite expected this answer.

"Do you know where I can find him?" he inquired, as carelessly.

Wilkins looked surprised.

"His lordship sailed for Africa this morning," he said. "The vessel must have started by this time. We sent his lordship's luggage on yesterday—to the Pevensey Castle."

The detective nodded, and bit his lip. Then he stood for a moment pondering. Surely Lord Gaunt would not have been such a fool as to shut himself up in a vessel which could be stopped by cable at Madeira!"

"Went in a cab, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes, sir; a hansom. His lordship only had a bag."

"Just so. Did you happen to hear what directions he gave the cabman? I've got important business with his lordship, and want to catch him before he starts, if I can."

"He said, 'Charing Cross Station,'" said Wilkins. "I happened to hear him."

The detective's face cleared. Of course! Gaunt would leave his luggage to go by the Cape vessel, and himself make for the Continent. The detective saw the move in an instant.

"Thanks!" he said, as he jumped into his cab, and was driven to Charing Cross. There he wired a description of Lord Gaunt to the police at Southampton and Dover, and instructed them to stop him.

A Continental train happened to be due, and the detective, pretty well assured that he was on the track of a fugitive, went down to Dover by it.

The Southampton telegram arrived exactly one hour after the "Pevensey Castle" had sailed.

Meanwhile, the police at the Mansions were gathering information from the servants and other persons; and very soon the fact of Decima's visit on the previous evening came out.

Bobby was amazed and horrified.

"Yes, she is my sister," he said. "She must have come to see me, as Jane says. She could not have come to meeet Lord Gaunt!" for the inspector had ventured to suggest this.

"Where should we be likely to find Miss Deane?" he asked, significently.

Bobby shook his head. He was confused and bewildered.

"She may be with her aunt, Lady Pauline Lascelles; or she may have gone back home. I cannot understand! I will go round to Lady Pauline's."

The inspector nodded.

"One of my men will go round with you," he said, gravely.

Bobby started.

"You—you don't think—you don't dare to suspect my sister——?" he began; and the inspector responded, quietly:

"Well, the young lady was here, last night, Mr. Deane. I will ask you to see that she does not leave London just yet. She will be sure to be wanted, you see."

Bobby went round to Berkeley Square, accompanied by a detective, and Lady Pauline came down to the drawing room to them.

"A terrible thing has happened, Lady Pauline," said Bobby, whose white face and quivering lips had startled her. "A—a lady has been found dead—murdered—in my—that is, Lord Gaunt's—rooms; and—and—is Decima here?"

"Yes, she is here," said Lady Pauline, gravely. "She is very ill with brain fever."

Bobby uttered an exclamation.

"I must see her, Lady Pauline. I must! They say—it is said—that she was at my rooms last night, and—and——"

Lady Pauline's strength of mind came to her aid.

"In the rooms where this poor lady has been found?" she said. "Yes, I know that she went to your rooms; the woman in charge of the house told me so. But——" she stopped, struck silent by the expression of Bobby's face.

"Tell me all you know," she said, gravely and calmly.

Bobby, in hurried and agitated accents, told all that he knew.

"It is dreadful to think, to suggest, that, that Decima is mixed up in this!" he said. "She cannot possibly know anything about it. Oh, let me see her!"

"You may see her," said Lady Pauline, "but you cannot learn anything from her. She is quite unconscious. Here is the doctor."

She heard his step coming down the stairs, and called him in.

"Miss Deane is ill, very ill," he said quietly. "She may remain unconscious for some time, possibly for days. You may see her, yes; you can do no harm."

Bobby went up and stood and gazed at the white face with the staring eyes; then he came down again and looked helplessly round him.

"We may as well go, sir," said the detective. "Lady Pauline will let us know when Miss Deane is well enough to be asked any questions."

They returned to Prince's Mansions, and the detective made his report to the inspector. He nodded gravely and drew Bobby aside.

"Miss Deane will be an important witness," he said. "I may as well tell you, Mr. Deane—mind, I don't speak officially—that we do not suspect Miss Deane."

"Suspect!" exclaimed Bobby, indignantly.

The inspector raised his eyebrows.

"Well, she was here, you see; and anyone present in these rooms last night might fall under suspicion; but it seems to me that the case against Lord Gaunt is as clear as noonday."

"Lord Gaunt!" said Bobby, chokingly. "He is incapable of it!"

The inspector shrugged his shoulders.

"That's what one so often thinks," he said. "However, we shall soon see. Our man will have overtaken him by this time, I should think."

They had removed the body, but Morgan Thorpe had still lingered. The shock and the brandy he had consumed had rendered him a pitiable spectacle.

"Come—come home with me! Don't leave me alone, Deane!" he said, clutching at Bobby's arm, and quite forgetting his recent plot to rob him.

"I will see you home," said Bobby, passing his hands across his brow. "I don't know what to do—where to turn. I ought to go home and tell my father of all this—not that it would be of any use!—but I can't leave my sister. Yes, I will go home with you."

They went to Cardigan Terrace, and Bobby looked round the familiar room with a shudder: he could almost see the small, exquisitely dressed figure sitting at the piano.

There was a letter on the mantel-shelf, and Morgan Thorpe took it up, and opened the envelope with shaking fingers. But he was incapable of reading it, and he held it out to Bobby.

"Read it Deane," he said, and he made for the liquor stand on the side-board.

"It is from Trevor," said Bobby, and he read the note aloud:

"DEAR THORPE:—I feel very seedy, and shall run over to the Continent for a change; may st one time. I was sorry to hear that Mrs. Dalton had a bad headache when I called to say 'Good-bye.' I am starting in half an hour. I packed this morning. Always do things suddenly, don't I? Remember me to Deane and all the rest.—Yours,

"RALPH TREVOR."

Thorpe moaned in a maudlin way.

"Poor old Trevor! He will be awfully cut up when he hears of—of it! He was very fond of her, Deane! My poor Laura!" He drew the hand which held the tumbler of brandy and soda across his eyes.

"I can't realize it yet! What a loss for me! She was so—so clever! I shall never get on without her! So Trevor's gone! It seems as if everybody had gone! You'll stand by me, Deane. You—you may hear all sorts of things about me, but you—you won't believe them, Deane. I've always had a liking for you, my dear boy, always——"

"Better not drink any more," said Bobby; but Thorpe shook his head.

"It's the only thing that will keep me up! To think that Laura's dead; butchered—and by that beast, Gaunt! I always hated him. A stuck-up, sneering beast! Yes, I always hated him, and so did she!"

"And they were married?" said Bobby, with a sharp pang of remorse for his own folly.

Thorpe nodded.

"Yes; don't bear any malice because I kept it from you, dear boy. It was her secret, not mine, and she was so sensitive! My poor Laura! But he shall hang for it! He shall hang for it!"

Bobby shuddered.

"I don't believe he did it; I can't!" he said. "I know Gaunt. As I've said a score of times, he isn't capable of it. It's just that. Some things are impossible to some men, and—and murder is impossible to Lord Gaunt!"

"Then who did it?" demanded Thorpe, with a hiccough. "Tell me that! Isn't the evidence against him as strong as it can be!"

Bobby shook his head. The evidence might be as strong as it could be, and yet it did not convince him. After he had seen Thorpe led away to bed—speechlessly drunk—he left the house. The subtle, familiar perfume in the room seemed to follow him, and the dead woman's face and voice haunted him.

On his way to Lady Pauline's he bought the second edition of an evening paper—no evening paper ever owns to a first edition—and while he waited in the drawing room, read the account.

"The Tragedy at Prince's Mansions!" it was headed, and there were "scare lines" at intervals of the report.

His heart sank as he read the smooth, and yet graphic, statement.

The murdered woman was, as it set forth, the wife of Lord Gaunt. Here followed all his names and titles. He had married her, with a suppression of his rank, and had very soon after the ceremony, which had taken place in Switzerland, separated from her, going on the travels which had made him, with a certain section of the public, famous.

The deceased lady had gone to his rooms—whether by appointment or not the report could not say—and it was proved by the statement of the servants that she had met Lord Gaunt in these rooms.

Lord Gaunt had been seen to leave then without his overcoat; and the murdered woman had been found lying dead on the couch, and covered by this same overcoat.

The antique dagger with which the deed had been committed had been found lying near the body. Lord Gaunt had disappeared.

This, in brief—the account took a whole page of the paper, for it was the dull season, and a murder—and such a murder!—was an editorial god-send—was the substance of the account.

Well might Bobby's heart sink as he read it. His own name, and—alas, and alas!—Decima's occurred several times.

He stifled a groan, and crammed the paper into his pocket, as Lady Pauline entered.

"Decima is still unconscious," she said. She was calm and self-possessed, with the calmness and self-possession of Christian fortitude. "The doctor says she may—may live, but that it will be some time before she will be able to tell us anything. Is there any later news?"

Bobby produced the paper.

"Yes; I have read it. I know—or, rather, I know of—Lord Gaunt. I am not surprised to hear that he is married; nothing I could hear of him would surprise me; but I do not think that he is guilty——"

"He is not! He is not!" said Bobby.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY TREASURE.

BY M. E.

I have hidden away from the light of day
A treasure I sacred hold;
And it flashes not with the diamond's ray,
And it is not yellow gold;
And it is not beryl, nor sapphire rare
As blue as the tropic sea—
This treasure, guarded with love and care,
Is worthless to all but me!

It is not the ghost of a rosebud pale,
Or of rose full-blown and red,
Nor a violet plucked in some mossy dale,
With its fragrant sweetness fled.
'Tis no leaf by a lover's touch made dear;
For me it has memories none
Of that springtime of joy and hope and fear
When my heart was lost and won.

But it brings me the sound of baby feet,
And the flap of a silent voice;
And the small moist hands that my own hands meet
Make my empty heart rejoice.
In the holy calm, when the bright stars shine
The deepening azure through,
There is kiss of mine, there is tear of mine
For my treasure—a baby's shoe.

Bride.

BY E. M. J.

FAR away on that rugged coast against which the Atlantic beats its waves, Bridget Hagan lived with her grandfather. Bride, as she was called, was a pretty child, with a look of dawning womanhood in her troubled grey eyes. She and Tim inhabited a lean-to cabin beyond the village, a tiny place, perched midway down the cliff, and looking, but for the trail of smoke curling upwards from its peat fire, like some wild bird of passage pausing in its flight.

Tim Hagan was a happy-go-lucky ne'er-do-well, who loitered about all day with his battered cautseen cocked rakishly on the side of his head and a pipe in his mouth. He made mysterious disappearances at nightfall.

He was known to live will, and the villagers had their suspicions of his being a poacher, but Tim Hagan was such a clever fellow, his locks were so silvery, and his eyes so like those of his grandchild, that many sins were forgiven him.

His only son, Bride's father, had been drowned one stormy night when out in his fishing smack, a short time before Bride's birth, and the young wife soon followed him.

How Bride ever grew into the healthy child she became was a marvel, andblue mainly to the good-will of the village women, who looked after her with the unselfishness that the very poor evince toward each other.

As time passed, Bride drew herself, little by little, away from these friends of her childhood. She felt that they regarded her grandfather with suspicion, an i all the tenderness in the child's nature was lavished on her sole remaining relative.

She toiled for him, carried peat, and dug and hoed their plot of potatoes until her back ached cruelly, while the old man dozed in the sun at the door of the cabin, his short black pipe dropping sideways from his mouth.

With all her love for him, Bride was awakening slowly, but none the less surely, to the knowledge that her grandfather's behavior was not all that it should be.

At first, when rabbits and other delicacies made their appearance in the cabin, she believed the plausible tales Tim told to account for their presence, and enjoyed them too. But that was earlier in life, when everything was taken for granted, rabbits and her grandfather's goodness included.

There was a time when she cooked the rabbits for him, and subsisted on potatoes and stir-about herself. Tim rallied her on her want of appetite, but nothing he said could move her.

Life seemed just a little hard to Bride at times, though she did not think much about it, and it was indeed partly her own fault in detaching herself from the village life. Hard work all day was followed by a wild scramble along the coast, just out of reach of the waves as they frothed in.

Bride loved the sea: its voice had been her cradle song from childhood, and she knew every cave and tiniest cranny for miles around. When the storm-wind blew and dashed the spray against the window of the little cabin she felt a wild exultation that made her hasten over her work, in order that she might run out and feel its salt breath on her cheek. Bride, latterly, had neglected her religion, an unusual thing among the peasantry.

She stayed away from the little chapel because her grandfather refused to go, and afterwards, though good Father Barry talked to her, she was ashamed to appear there after so long an absence. Yet she had a religion of her own, and had hung up her dead mother's crucifix in a cranny of the rocks and she prayed a sort of incongruous prayer when she felt her sins pressing upon her, that must surely have made the very angels smile.

The kind old priest saw that the child was passing through a curious phase of her life, and he had the sense to leave her religion to assert itself later on, and when he called at the Hagans' little cabin would talk pleasantly on every conceivable topic save religion, and would give Bride much valuable advice where the plot of potatoes was concerned.

His kind heart ached for the motherless child, and feared for her too, I think, a little, until one day, in his walks abroad, he came across the little cave that contained the crucifix, and saw the delicate shells and wreaths of sea weed arranged with care before it.

"Poor little child," he said, with a shake of the head and a mist before his kind old eyes, "poor little motherless child."

One day Bride was bending over her spade, hot and tired. This was one of her bad days. The sun was striking fiercely on her back, the ground was parched and dry, and difficult to make any impression upon.

There was thunder in the air, and no breath ruffled the dark waters that lay beneath her. Bride straightened herself wearily and brushed the hair from her hot brow.

A voice behind her broke the silence.

"Give me the spade," it said; "this work is too hard for you, child."

Bride turned round quickly and met the blue eyes that glanced down at her. The young man looked puzzled for a moment, then he smiled delightedly.

"Why, it's never little Bride?" he said, after another glance to make sure. "Little Bride Hagan? I've come home, little Bride, to live among my own people and settle down. I'm tired of wandering about, and there's no place like home after all."

Bride curtsied gravely. This must be the young master who had come back to the great house.

He had not visited the village for several years, and Bride could only just remember the tall boy who had sometimes treated her to lollipops at old Mother Ryan's.

She curtsied again with downcast eyes, and did not see the smile on Gerald O'Reilly's face as he looked at the demure figure before him.

Bride was a picture in the short skirt that showed her bare brown feet, and the red handkerchief tied over her black hair, with the corner dipping into her serious eyes.

The young master took the sunburnt hand in his, and shook it gently.

In his eyes Bride was still a child, if a loveable one, and she was small, and looked younger than her seventeen years.

"Are you glad I've come home, little Bride?" he asked. He was brimful of happiness himself, and felt that the world was not the bad place to live in that some people seemed to imagine.

And Bride told him that she was glad that he had come home to live among his own people, and worshipped him for his kind words, and genial, happy smile. He insisted upon helping to dig up the plot, in spite of her protestations.

Then he went to speak to Tim, whose tobacco smoke was curling up towards the potato plot slowly in the heavy atmosphere. Left to herself, Bride leaned her arms on the low stone wall and looked out to sea. As she stood there she saw the young master running down the cliff road in the direction of the village.

A sudden passionate prayer rose to Bride's lips. "Blessin's on yer for yer kind deed and kinder words, Masther Gerald!" She found her grandfather sitting by the doorstep, chuckling softly to himself.

When they sat down at the ricketty table for their meal, Tim put a piece of rabbit on his fork, and regarded it, looking meanwhile like a silver haired saint, and then chuckled softly again. Bride looked at him, and a sudden chill feeling that had contracted her heart forbade her asking the reason of his mirth.

"Ye'd bettther ate a bit, mavourneen," said he, looking at her, where she stood, turning the potatoes out of the pot; "'twill be mighty square it we get wan in a hurry. Och! sure, 'twas dyin' I was wid laughin' to think av the young masther fornint the very door." He cackled again, and wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand.

It was too much. Bride, with a crimson face and choking heart, thrust the dish of potatoes in front of him, and, despite his exclamation that "Satan himself had hould o' the colleen," rushed out at the open door and down to the beach.

Oh, the shame of it, the burning, dreadful shame, that her grandfather should be a poacher, a thief! She had never acknowledged it to herself before. That anybody belonging to her should steal from the young master, who had a kind word for every one.

A change came over Bride after that day. The burden of her grandfather's guilt lay heavily upon her. She no longer sang over her work, but accomplished it in silence. She grew thinner, and her eyes more wistful, until a look came into them and stayed there, that brought a lump into the good priest's throat.

Bride was one of the best beloved of his flock, and the hardest to approach, perhaps more thought of and loved for that very reason.

He saw that the girl had something preying heavily on her mind, something that she dared not talk about, and though he delicately hinted at her trouble, such a terrified, wild look came into her eyes that he changed the subject with a sigh.

Tim was an amusing old man, with a fund of humor, and the young master often came and sat beside him on the wooden bench at the cabin door, and listened to his anecdotes. But Bride stayed indoors or went to the beach when she saw him coming.

She could not meet the frank eyes of the man her grandfather was cheating. Gerald O'Reilly thought her strangely altered from the merry little girl he had known years before, and told Tim that he kept her too hard at work.

One day down in the village, Bride heard that there was company at the great house, and gay doings, for the young master was going to keep up his birthday in the good old style. The grand lady he was going to marry had arrived with ever so many other gentlefolks the day before.

"Ye will be footin' it yerselt, Bride," said one woman good-naturedly, and then, coming nearer in order that the gossips should not overhear her, "I've the dacentest little flowered cotton ye iver laid eyes on, and ye could wear it wid mighty little altering to fit ye. Ye may have it wid all the pleasure in life, asthore. Feth! ye'd hould yer own wid the best av them, an' be the purtiest colleen there."

She added the last words by way of encouragement, for she was a born matchmaker, and determined that Bride's good looks should not be thrown away. Bride smiled and thanked her, but shook her head too, and, raising her basket, turned homewards.

Her way lay along by the cliff, and in the distance she could see the smoke from their peat fire curling upwards.

Bride placed her basket on the rocks and pushed back the hood of her little red cloak. How hot it was. She gazed before her with unseeing eyes, and thought of herself among the gay villagers dancing in the barn.

Why should not she wear the gaily-flowered gown that motherly Mrs. Riley had offered, and dance with as light a heart and heels as the best of them? She was lost in this day-dream when voices sounded close beside her—the speakers had paused behind a jutting rock.

"They are a curious set of people, Gerald," said a clear voice, with a ring of disapproval in its tones.

"They are the warmest-hearted people you ever came across, Beatrice, and when you live amongst them, my dearest, you will understand and appreciate them. Now, old Tim Hagan is the most original, quaint old chap. Surely you were struck by his manner. Why, it you had been a duchess——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted his companion, still somewhat disdaintully, "most picturesque; but what tobacco he smokes, and how do they exist in that smoky atmosphere! Besides, I have heard that these Irish are terrible deceptions and say one thing to one's face and another behind one's back."

He broke into a laugh that was somewhat forced.

"Impressions taken from some book you have been reading. After all, dear, I'm an Irishman myself, and very proud of the fact. You will acknowledge yourself to have been in the wrong, some day. I am so sorry the old man's grandchild was out; she is a pretty child, and when she grows up there will be a breaking of heads on her account, or I'm much mistaken. Seems a sad little thing."

Bride had risen ere this, and caught up her basket with a wildly beating heart, just as the speakers turned the corner of the rocks. She did not look up until the young master said:

"Why, here's little Bride coming from market."

Bride's face was flushed, her eyes bright; her hood was half off her dark curls. She looked up and curtsied, but her heart within her was sore and hot with indignation. She caught a glimpse of a face framed in golden hair, that seemed to her little short of angelic, and lips that belied the unkind words they had uttered.

A week passed by. The young master and his lady-love came no more to the little cabin. One day Bride saw the young couple in the distance. The young lady was evidently not in her element when climbing rocks, for she paused every moment to borrow assistance from her lover's strong arm.

Since the day she heard them, the words the beautiful stranger had uttered rang continually in Bride's ears. And the cruellest part of it all was that, with regard to her grandfather, the words were true.

Nevertheless, Bride's hot blood was up in arms. What right had this English stranger to take away their character? Bride hated her, hated her with all the vehemence of her nature.

One day when she went to the little cave she found that the tide had been higher than usual, and the waves had forced their way in, sweeping away her offerings of shells and seaweed, and even disfiguring the crucifix with spray.

She sat there watching the waves curl in and pour their boiling froth over the rocks. It was a desolate stretch of coast, and dangerous too, to any one who did not know it well.

The intense desolation overwhelmed Bride after a time, and she rose and wandered on and on along the shore, each step disclosing a scene of more rugged splendor. The sun was setting and the tall gray crags were bathed in its red glow.

The waves rolled in, gleaming with splendid opalescent tints of crimson and pink and amber. Bride was the only creature who ever wandered there, for it was far from the village and hard work climbing over the slippery weed-covered rocks.

The cliffs thereabouts, with the exception of one place, rose skywards like an iron wall, and were as unassailable. When the tide came in, small chance was there for any one caught by it. To-day it suited Bride's desolate mood, and she found a comfort in the sighing and moaning of the waves as they swirled over the rocks.

She was stooping to pick up a bit of wood when a cry was borne towards her on the breeze; then it drifted away again.

Bride raised her head and listened. Again it came, rising and falling wierdly. The girl's heart beat fast. Shadows were gathering, and the base of the cliffs showed gray and ghostly, only at the summit they still gleamed rosily, where the paling sunbeams kissed them, as it loath to go.

Bride was superstitious to the core, and her first thought was of the supernatural. Had not her grandfather told her of the moaning that rose and fell round the little cabin on the stormy night her father was drowned.

Again the cry came, but this time there was a human ring in the sound, and Bride arched her hands above her eyes and peered out. The light was uncertain, but she fancied she could see something in the distance.

She started at a clambering run, to she was sure-footed as a goat, and her bare feet enabled her to gain a footing on the masses of seaweed. There was no sound now to guide her: she could only follow the direction from whence the cry had come.

Bride left the cliff path and safety far behind her, but she did not pause to think about that. The tide was pouring in, hurrying and swirling over the rocks in mad, devouring haste.

Bride had delayed her departure for home later than usual, and now it was likely to be even later than she bargained for. There was a space of water between her and the crouching figure she presently caught sight of, but Bride girded her petticoats higher and plunged in knee-deep.

She was out of breath when she came upon some one who lay prostrate on the rocks, where only a couple of feet divided her from the last wave that washed in. Bride saw the rim of a white cheek and a lock of hair that, warm and golden, had fallen loosely and mingled with the

brown seaweed. She looked down upon the unconscious object of her hatred and hesitated. Should she leave her and turn back to safety?

Leave her to be carried out by the waves and dashed back perhaps upon the rocks again until——

What would the fair face be then? A battered wreck that men would cover up decently, and try to think of no longer. Bride shuddered; the black wave of hatred and sin was swept away from her soul, and the next moment with a great cry she dropped upon her knees beside the prostrate figure. She bathed the still face, scooping the water up in her hands.

The stranger moaned, moved restlessly, and opened her eyes.

For an instant her eyes and Bride's met in a long glance, then the stranger's fell, and she moaned again.

Bride dragged a smooth flat stone that lay at a distance, and placed it beneath the other's head, all the time revolving on ways and means of rescue. There was no time to lose.

Beatrice Heriot was a spoilt darling, and not in the habit of consulting anybody's convenience when it came in the way of her own.

Her moans cut Bride to the heart. "Och, what is it that ails ye, miss, at all, at all?" she said, her gray eyes growing very pitiful as she noted the deadly pallor of the lady's face.

"My ankle; I sprained it when I fell; it is agonizing. I cannot move. Gerald, Gerald, why don't you come to your poor Beatrice?"

Bride's eyes widened with horror, and she uttered a quick exclamation. The other looked at her, and for the first time recognized her.

"I remember your face," she said. "Are you not the grandchild of the old man with white hair, who lives in the tiny house near the sea? What is your name, child?"

"Bridget Hagan is me name, miss, but they call me Bride."

Beatrice Heriot nodded indifferently. "A pretty name; I remember it now." Then she lapsed into silence, only moaning occasionally. Bride noted the incoming tide with a feeling of desperate powerlessness.

The path to the cliff road was already being cut off by the rapidly filling pools of water. Even now to get there they must wade knee deep, or rather waist deep, through the water, and that was out of the question for the young lady with her sprained ankle.

It did not seem to occur to the latter that there was any danger. She imagined that presently people would come to look for her, and they must carry her, for she could not possibly walk.

So she lay with closed eyes, while Bride's eyes ached with straining them over the stretch of waves that rolled in gray-green in the twilight. She must save Master Gerald's beautiful sweetheart for him.

There was no comfort to be found on the water; she wrung her hands and looked around her. The cliffs frowned down upon them, only the scream of a sea-mew broke the silence.

Bride looked at the pale face that lay below her; the waves had crept on and now they touched the hem of Beatrice Heriot's pretty gown. Bride dropped on her knees, a strange, resolute look illumining her face.

"We must move away from here, there's danger threatenin'; we must go now, this very minit; there's not many chances left, only wan, an' we must take it."

Beatrice opened her eyes, then closed them.

"Don't talk nonsense, child, it's quite impossible; I could not walk a yard to save my life."

Bride caught at the last words eagerly. "Them's the thrue words ye're saying. Miss, troth, it's niver a lie I'd be afther tellin' ye. Look, there beside ye, the water creepin' and crawlin' at yer feet." The ringing resistence in her voice caused Beatrice Heriot for the first time to awaken to a sense of their danger.

She followed the direction of Bride's outstretched hand and eager eyes and sprang to her feet, then sank to her knees with a shriek of pain.

"What are we to do, Bride? I cannot move from here. Think of something to save our lives."

The haughtiness was all gone from her voice; her blue eyes, wide with pain, made Bride's heart ache.

"Sure, 'tis this long while I've been thinkin'," she said slowly, "an' now, even if ye could walk, we couldn't get back that way. The wather's too deep that runs betune. But there's wan place, a little ways along, just a weenshy cave, where ye'd maybe be safe from the tide. Could ye crawl, av I put me arm round ye, miss? Ye'll thry? Ah now, hould up wan minit. Whist, aisy now, wan shtep; think o' the young masther. Och sure, 'tis only wan more turn," and half supporting, half coaxing, Bride managed to get her to the mouth of the cave. It was as Bride had said, only a little place, running in but a little way from the water.

At the back of it was a narrow shelf of rock, and she knew that, except at the very highest tides, the water only lapped beneath the stone, and she knew too from experience that only one person, and that with some discomfort, could find a resting place upon it.

The light was so faint within that they had to grope their way to the stone, upon which Beatrice hobbled with some difficulty and many groans.

Bride took off her own little shawl and tucked it round the other's feet, then she went to the mouth of the cave and looked out.

The tide was pouring in; the wind had risen, and was beating up the surf upon the rocks in boiling jets of foam. The after-glow had faded, the twilight enveloped every object in a gray, uncanny light.

Bride realized that now it was too late to seek assistance, and a belated nightbird that flew by above her head croaked out a dismal cry, that sounded like "too late."

She shivered as the waves splashed over her bare feet, and with cheeks wet with sea spray and perhaps something else that was equally salt, she retreated into the cave. Had it been earlier, she might have found a footing on the cliff at a distance, but now it was too late.

For many a day life had not been so dear to the little Irish girl as it was at this moment, and her thoughts flew back to Tim with the old yearning affection. Perhaps she might do more for him in Heaven than ever she had done upon earth, and with this thought uppermost she went back to wait.

Beatrice Heriot gave a terrified shiver. "Bride, don't leave me; give me your hand; let me hold it, you are so brave, and I am such a coward! Gerald, Gerald, why don't you come?" Beatrice knew nothing of Bride's danger.

She was selfish by nature and cultivation, and to do her justice it did not occur to her that the other might be in a more dangerous position than herself.

"Sure now, hould me han' tight," said Bride, with well-feigned cheerfulness, reaching up her hand, which the other grasped until Bride grew numb holding it above her head.

Beatrice bemoaned her own hard fate and uncomfortable position until it grew dark, and only a faint light glimmered at the mouth of the cave. Bride's patience told after a while.

"Are you tolerably comfortable, Bride?"

"Yis, sure," replied Bride, hoping that the quiver in her voice would not be noticed, and trying too not to notice the water that was streaming in and flowing over her feet.

She had given up her shawl, and had to bite her lips hard that the chattering of her teeth should not be heard. One thought was uppermost in her mind, Master Gerald's sweetheart must be saved at any cost.

Beatrice dozed presently, tired out, until a movement from Bride aroused her.

"Are you there, little Bride?" she asked, unconsciously using Gerald's form of address. The words struck upon the girl's bewildered brain with a pleasant sound.

"Here, fornint ye, miss, houldin' yer han' tight. Whist now, thry and go to slape. Master Gerald's sure to be roun' in the mornin'."

The brave accents were less brave now, for the icy water had crept on and Bride could with difficulty keep her footing. And Beatrice went to sleep again, too drowsy to notice.

When next she awoke the waters had receded, it was early morning, and the sun shone upon the tossing billows outside. Bride had slipped down upon the pebbles and was fast asleep, her head pillowed upon one outstretched arm.

On the rocky wall, just above her head, a slender shaft of yellow sunlight quivered and trembled. There was a sound of voices borne upon the wind as a boat approached the cave, a boat that had started out at break of day in search of them.

But Bride slept on.

KNOWLEDGE is not gained without study, health is not secured without care, good habits are not formed without watchfulness.

WHAT CONSTITUTES HAPPINESS.

A number of persons were asked to give their definition of what made true happiness. The best opinions were these:

"True happiness is not one large diamond, but rather a piece of mosaic, each stone valuable in itself, and contributing to the worth of the whole; gladness brightening sorrow, sorrow mellowing joy—a mosaic of ceaseless activity, kindly words, generous deeds, thought for others, sacrifice of self."

"Given good health, and work enough to keep one well employed, but with sufficient remuneration to secure absolute freedom from that mind worry so much associated with the efforts to make 'both ends meet;' add to this loving friends; and we have the essential conditions which should constitute perfect happiness."

"What constitutes perfect happiness is, in my opinion, good health, regular work with reasonable hours and fair wages, a good-tempered wife, loving, well-trained children, comfortable home, true friends, and provision made against sickness and old age."

"Being contented with the attainable, and not longing and wishing for the unattainable."

"A happy and contented mind; a conscience free from every crime; some time for pleasure, not too much; and work to keep your health in touch. If this you'll only bear in mind, true happiness I'm sure you'll find."

"He has the most happiness who has the fewest requirements, the fewest bad habits, the least ambition, the least envy; who likes to see and make others happy; who does not rebel and kick against the inevitable; who does his very best, and calmly submits to the results."

"It is what we are, and not what we have, that constitutes happiness; being perfectly contented with what we have, without the restless craving for what we have not; perfectly unselfish, loving, with constant, glad activity in discharging the duties of life, with inner rest and peace of mind."

"To possess a mind of meager capacity, destitute alike of imagination and retrospection, an active frame and sound constitution, an appreciation of music, a taste for reading, an assured income, a judicious mother, no spouse, an even temper, vigorous appetite with capacity to sleep soundly when worried."

"A sound healthy body, spirits ever young, just enough of this world's goods (earned by your own labor), a good wife and affectionate children, an ability to enjoy both literature and wit, and a desire to help your struggling fellowmen."

"To secure the nearest approach to perfect terrestrial happiness the following condition must be fulfilled: Good health, moderate desires, pleasant surroundings, faithful friends, a settled income, however limited, a cultivated mind to appreciate the beautiful in nature and art; and, above all, contentment. Wanting that, one wants everything."

"A sound mind in a sound body; amiable temper, enough to keep out hunger, thirst, and cold; harmonious combination of faculties; being well versed in moral, physical, organic, and natural laws of the world; good society, outdoor exercise, work, cleanliness, wholesome food, and a salubrious abode."

"'Peace of mind,' I think, answers your question. Then how are we to get this peace of mind? By doing good to others, being pleasant, sympathetic, helpful to those who want help, and being agreeable to everyone you have to meet."

MORAL COURAGE.—Physical courage is apt to demand applause; but courage leaves every consideration but truth in the background, and is more likely to bring one ostracism than admiration.

With moral courage one speaks one's mind, one goes forward to one's conception of duty, one treads one's chosen way without the thought, and so without the fear, of consequences, or, even if with the fear, still treads it just the same. One does not pause to measure the possible effect upon oneself; one does and says what right and the moment require.

One is not intimidated by the frown, the brutal word, the threat, the blow, the probable loss of prestige, the force of any contrary opinion, public or private, the possible deprivation of office or of opinion. One has what has long been known as the courage of one's convictions, and does what one thinks is right or best, or even only expedient, without regard to fear or favor.

Scientific and Useful.

CHOKING THEM OFF.—A powerful anæsthetic, which volatilises on exposure to the air, has been invented by a Polish chemist. It is believed that bombs filled with this chemical, and thrown into the ranks of an opposing army, will in a few moments make the foe utterly helpless.

TYPEWRITER MIRRORS.—There is patented a useful addition to the typewriter in the shape of a pair of small mirrors, measuring each nine and one-half inches by three and one-half inches, so mounted as to afford a perfectly clear view of the writing to an operator sitting erect and using it table height. The mirrors can be attached to any machine, and do not interfere with any of its uses, while they can be turned aside in a moment when it is desired to brush the types or insert a fresh inking ribbon.

THE PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT.—The latest development of the penny-in-the-slot system is a machine by which gambling can be carried on by enterprising individuals waiting at railway stations. The device is simplicity itself. At the top is a slot through which the nimble copper is shot. A window shows that the coin can take two or three paths. If the investor can make it journey along the centre one it returns to its proprietor accompanied by two other pennies. If, on the contrary, it drops elsewhere, it is lost.

ALL BY MACHINERY.—Paper can now be hung by machinery. The device has a rod on which a roll of paper is placed, and a paste reservoir with a feeder placed so as to engage the wrong side of the paper. The end of the paper is fastened to the bottom of the wall and the machine started up the wall, being held in place by the operator. A roller follows the paper as it unwinds and presses it against the wall. When the top of the latter is reached the operator pulls a string, which cuts the paper off from the roll.

Farm and Garden.

BREAD SAUCE FOR POULTRY.—Boil some peppercorns with one onion in half a pint of water for about ten minutes. Then strain off the water, and put some grated bread in it, with about two ounces of butter. Boil all together for a little while, and add a spoonful of milk, which will give it a good color. It must not be too thick. Add salt, to the taste.

FALL PLOUGHING.—The action of the frost is very beneficial to the farmer, for the hard clods are broken to pieces by the expansion of the contained water when it freezes. The earth is pulverized and put in good condition for receiving seed. Hence it is beneficial to plough the fields in the fall so that the winter frosts may act upon the hard pieces of earth. In this way much labor is saved and the natural forces do better work than could be accomplished by artificial means. A further advantage is gained from the action of air on the exposed soil.

SHYING.—When a horse shows a tendency to shy at anything, he should be hild by a firm and gentle hand, and spoken to kindly. If possible hold his head directly toward the object, and let him look at it as long as he will, then move him towards it. If the object is stationary, let him get acquainted with it, let him smell it and look closely at it. The moment a horse becomes familiar with the things that alarm him, and knows what they are, he grows indifferent to them. This is the only way to break a horse of shying at everything he meets on the road. The man who uses the whip when the horse shies aggravates the evil.

HORSE-POINTS.—There are some points which are valuable in horses of every description. The head should be proportionately large and well set on, the lower jawbones should be sufficiently far apart to enable the head to form an angle with the neck, which gives it free motion and a graceful carriage and prevents it bearing too heavily on the hand. The eye should be large, a little prominent, and the eyelid fine and thin. The ear should be small and erect and quick in motion. The lop-ear indicates dullness and stubbornness; when too far back there is a disposition to mischief.

Jayne's Expectorant cured me of a cough of a very severe nature, after all the doctors had failed.—THOMAS MCGUIRE, Wellstown, Ohio, Oct. 29, 1890.

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Unfulfilled Lives.

The ideal life perhaps is that which, as its eventide draws near, brings to all who look upon it, and to the user himself, the conviction that from it no more could fairly have been expected. There will doubtless have been from time to time a grievous falling short of what was possible—a misuse of opportunities, a failure to realize what action the moment required; but the chances of redeeming such errors are often many, and so, through many failings and mistakes, it is quite possible for a man to arrive at a time when he feels, and others feel, that, life's initiative being now expended and its determining work done, he has, on the whole, fulfilled the objects of his existence; that he has accomplished well-nigh all that such a one as he might have been expected to accomplish. He may feel this, not with pride or exultation, though with thankfulness and with a sense of rest and completeness.

The principles he held dear have not been betrayed, but have had his faithful testimony. The objects he placed before himself have been reached, though they set a sufficiently high mark for his ambition. Such worldly success as would ensure ease of mind has been won, without cause for self-reproach as to the methods employed. In short, his friends can say of him, making reasonable allowance for human frailties, he has done all that the world would have expected a man of such capacities to do. That is the ideal towards which all of us who still have the shaping of our lives ought to press with strong hope, for it is a state the attainment of which is by no means uncommon; and the falling away far from it into what all men recognize as an unfulfilled life is so sad that the least sensitive may well try to avoid it.

A great many lives are spoiled because, from first to last, they are aimless. It is not likely that a man who has no object before him, who follows no bent of his disposition, who is satisfied with a contented unambitious existence, will arrive anywhere in particular in the end. No one can expect to drift to his best—he must work to it; not that it is necessary that the end should be seen from the beginning, but there must be an onward movement from purpose to purpose if the full possibilities of the life of a capable man are to be reached.

In every town, almost in every village, you may find fat comfortable men who rail with a momentary querulousness at the badness of the times, and mildly wonder at the luck of associates of their earlier years, and do not confess that they have never set a goal before themselves and made for it determinedly, even over a short course. Men without an object in life are particularly plentiful in small towns that do not easily afford many openings for enterprise. They have as much ability as would carry them to distinction in larger places; but the suitable opportunity does not arrive, and, as they never seek it, they never meet it, and so they stagnate.

Among the saddest of unfulfilled lives are those that start in the right direction, with good objects, and then swerve from their course, drawn aside by bad influences, or brought to a stand-still by a deterioration of character. The most pitiful of all are the failures through the corroding cynicism of the world eating away the enthusiasms of youth. It is a form of failure to which men of ideas who work in public ways are chiefly liable. They start out burning with hope, they go forward till they have achieved considerable success, they inspire others and are trusted; then, as the generous impulses of youth subside, and the wear and tear of the unimaginative and unbelieving world is felt, their faith dwindles, the motive force of their lives is weakened, a change of tone becomes gradually perceptible, their influence over their fellows declines, they falter, and fall short of the mark that had been set up for them by the opinion of earlier days. Perhaps it is not allowable to speak of such lives as unfulfilled. They may have done all they could, but they had not the stamina of character that would have enabled them to hold out right through the race. One reason, too, why so many seem to fall off just before the goal is reached is that the competition becomes more severe the farther they go.

The remembrance of natural gifts neglected, of opportunities overlooked, of openings barred by ill-fortune, is disconcerting enough; but is it not a fact that the greater number of the people whom one finds grumbling that they have not attained the success or distinction that was naturally theirs are unsoundly flattering themselves? When you hear a man saying, "Ah, I ought to have been in as good a position as he if——" or, "If it had not been for the mistake made in starting me in an unsuitable business, I might——" the chances are ten to one that the speaker is misjudging his aptitudes and capacities.

The work we are not called upon to drudge at generally looks far more inviting than that which has disclosed its difficulties and weariness to us. As a rule, the man who has failed in one direction would have failed at different work; otherwise he would have had the requisite instinct and energy for making a change and following the leading of his inclination. A big share of the moaning over what might have been is little more than the reminiscent maunderings of an unfounded vanity.

There is a tendency, in considering lives partly spoiled by the non-fulfilment of their possibilities, to let the mind turn to the careers of those who have become greatly influential, and to neglect the common truth that most lives must be fulfilled in a humble way, with no trumpeting of notoriety or fame, with no success as it is popularly understood—that is, in the form of wealth; but the qualities that make men in some of the highest respects equals—truthfulness, kindness of heart, and devotion to what is felt to be best—are common to all men, and no life, however lacking it may be in originality and power, can be said to be unfulfilled that has reflected these high endowments.

We realize that to accomplish a great undertaking or to carry out some important measure we must put forth all our powers; but we imagine that the petty vexations and temptations, the worries and perplexities, and the doubts and difficulties of life, will somehow settle themselves without any serious thought or exercise of force on our part. Yet it is in these very circumstances that we need pre-eminently the best powers we can command. They are oftentimes greater factors in our lives than the most serious enterprise upon which we concentrate all our thoughts, resolves, and abilities. They are the springs which feed character and decide the quality of life; yet we slight and ignore them, making no definite preparation for dealing with them wisely. We nominally agree with Solomon when he says, "Better is he who ruleth his own spirit than he who taketh a city;" yet for the latter we deem no energy or wisdom too great, while to the former we scarcely give any serious consideration.

It is the helping hand and the sympathizing heart that are due from those who are a little ahead in the journey of life. What is so ignorant, so helpless, so utterly imperfect as the infant? Yet how highly do we honor and cherish it, how tenderly do we protect and nourish it, how fondly do we dwell upon its future possibilities of manhood or womanhood! So let us rejoice in and reverence the imperfect wherever we find it, not for its imperfection, but for the powers which lie within it waiting to be developed; and let us count no labor too great and no sacrifice too costly to unfold its beauty and its strength, and to aid others in every similar attempt.

A large part of the culture of the senses consists in securing habits of observation and attention. When the mind is suffered to run upon other things, or to sink into reverie or apathy, neither eyes nor ears can fulfil their true worth. The power of concentrating the thoughts for the time being on the object on which we look, or the sounds to which we listen, will make both sight and hearing more acute and accurate. It is a rare but valuable ability that takes in much at a glance and impresses it upon the memory. It is in childhood that this concentration can be most easily and pleasurably gained. The senses are then more active and amenable to training than the mental powers.

There is a great need, seldom recognized, of bringing a thoughtful intelligence to bear upon the vexations and miseries of life. It takes something beside the virtue of long-suffering to discover the cause of the sorrow that has overwhelmed us or the burden of care and anxiety that we are carrying, to find out the lessons they have in store, to learn how best to deal with them, to know how far suffering is inevitable, and at what point it becomes possible to control it, and from that gradually to overcome it.

When something tempts you to grow angry, do not yield to the temptation. For a minute or two it may be difficult to control yourself, but try to do so. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to subside because it has nothing to exercise itself upon. The person who can and does control tongue, hands, and heart in the face of great provocation is a hero.

In considering faults and follies, whether of our own or of our neighbors, it is always wise to trace them back, as far as possible, to their true sources. If they are our own, we may thus discover the best method of overcoming them; if they are those of others, it will invariably increase our charity and prevent unjust blame.

Correspondence.

CURIOUS.—The bride's cake of to-day is a relic of a Roman custom. At a Roman marriage the bride was expected to prepare a part, at least, of the wedding feast with her own hands.

HIGHLAND.—The decisive battles of history were Marathon, B. C. 490: Syracuse, B. C. 413; Arbela, B. C. 331; the Metaurus, B. C. 207; the victory of Arminius, A. D. 9; Chalons, 451; Tours, 732; Hastings, 1066; the siege of Orleans, 1429; the Armada, 1588; Blenheim, 1704; Pultowa, 1709; Saratoga, 1777; Valmy, 1792 and Waterloo, 1815.

NOMS.—The leading of the charger of the deceased at the funeral of a cavalryman is a relic of the old custom of sacrificing a horse at the burial of a warrior; the last time on record of this custom being followed was at the burial, at Treves, in 1781, of General Kasimer, when the general's charger was killed with a hunting-knife, and then thrown into the grave upon the coffin.

INQUIRER.—The term "lynch-law" is said to be derived from the name of a Virginian farmer, who, having caught a thief, instead of delivering him to the officers of the law, tied him to a tree and flogged him with his own hands; the word is now commonly used to denote the rough punishment by a mob, which, in some parts of this country, is often substituted for the regular operation of the law.

ELVIRA.—A woman makes such a complete surrender of herself at marriage, becomes so thoroughly absorbed into the individuality of her husband, that she is guilty of conduct almost criminal in its fatuity if she does not insist on knowing all about the man, his circumstances, his history, and his relatives, before she consents to marry him; it is only in that way she can protect herself against discoveries after marriage which may render her subsequent existence a prolonged misery.

R. L. M.—1. The lines, "The child's sob in the silence curses deeper Than the strong man in his wrath," form the conclusion of a poem entitled "The Cry of the Children," written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning in 1844. The theme of the poem was suggested by the terrible privations endured at that time by children in mines and factories. 2. "Paradise and the Peri" is a tale in verse, told by Feramors in Moore's Lalla Rookh; peris are gentle fairy-like beings of Eastern mythology,, offspring of the fallen angels, constituting a race between angels and men; with a wand they point out to the pure-minded the way to heaven.

DOUBTFUL.—Whether a woman suffers greatly in public opinion, as a consequence of instituting a suit for breach of promise depends almost entirely on the character of the case. If it be a gross example of cruelty and annoyance on the part of the man people like to see him punished, and think no worse of the lady for exposing him; but, if there be a suspicion of money-seeking on the part of the woman, if she has held him to his bargain against his better judgment, and used the law as a kind of trap, she will assuredly suffer in public estimation more than any money payment can counteract. All depends on which side the meanness is found upon.

LOTHBURY.—The reason why the sheriffs in some European cities wear chains is simply that, from a very early period in Gaul and Britain, the neck-chain was a mark of magisterial honor and distinction. As ladies now take to wear men's wide awake hats, stand-up collars, and jackets, so in former times did they delight to assume the chain, which till then had been the exclusive decoration for men. Indeed, it was not till the fifteenth century that the fashion arose for ladies to wear necklaces, when Charles the Seventh of France placed one of precious stones round the neck of the beautiful Agnes Sorel. The fashion once set, it has ever since maintained its ground, and few ornaments are more becoming to beauty than a well-chosen necklace.

J. R. M.—Burial in an upright position is an oddity of rare occurrence—a variation which might perhaps be expected occasionally. No special significance attaches to it. We know of no cases in America among the Caucasian race. The best-known instance is that of the Claphams and Mauleverers of England who were buried in Bolton Abbey, and to whom Wordsworth refers in his "White Doe of Rylstone." Ben Jonson was buried upright in Westminster Abbey, the reasons given being either that the place was too crowded to admit of the usual mode of interment, or that motives of economy caused Ben's body to be confined to as small an area as possible. Cuthbert Bede mentions the instance of a "crank" named Job Orton who was buried by his own orders upright at Kidderminster, that he might have precedence of his wife at the judgment-day, she lying at his feet. There is a tradition that the Harcourts formerly were buried upright on their Oxfordshire estate. In ancient times it was unusual for a chieftain to be buried upright with a sword in his hand; and skeletons have been found in that position when tumuli have been removed. An old writer, commenting on this fact, says marvelous men were buried marvelously. Charlemagne, when disinterred at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1166, was found seated on his throne. You may take it that no more satisfactory explanation has ever been given than that the mode of interment was a whim of the dead or of their friends.

SORROWS MINE.

BY S. U. W.

Poor mortals we, who ever see
The darkest side of sorrow,
Who count our woes as deadly foes
That will increase to-morrow,
And so fresh trials borrow!

We're not content with blessings sent,
And daily mercies given,
But fret and groan, and weep and moan,
Each day of all the seven,
Distrusting highest heaven.

We often meet upon the street
A friend with trouble laden—
A mother sad—a brother mad—
Or poor, love-stricken maiden,
Each looking towards some Aiden.

"How strange," say we, "that they should be
Inclined such ills to borrow,
For, ah! if they for but a day
Could know and feel my sorrow,
They'd die before to-morrow!"

And thus we pine o'er "sorrows mine"
Like beings quite demented,
And hurl our spite to left and right,
Till all our ills are vented—
And then we're not contented!

Not Alone.

BY P. T.

HER name was Mary.

It is the generic title of much that is sedate, sweet, and serene in womankind.

None of the three attributes were hers; indeed, she would have smiled them aside with that casual, imperious little manner of hers, and a supercilious uplifting of straight brows.

Therefore, eschewing the unfitting gift bestowed upon her by certain godfathers and godmothers, twenty—never mind how many—years ago, her intimates called her Molly.

And certainly she loved her own opinion, and aired it; wore her glasses atop a tip-tilted nose in an aggressive fashion; rode her bicycle in an assured way; wore an attire wherein a good deal of starch and masculine severity was conspicuous, and was in every respect the exact opposite of the feminine ideal conceived by the old-fashioned personage who chanced to take his coffee and roll at the same hour as she daily at the Hotel Excelsior.

Daily, at the same moment, they nodded to each other with curtness—her frigidity being the outcome of a certain overheard comment of his; his deep-rooted prejudice against the whole of her sex that happened to be on the nigh side of forty, and to know how to wield a small weapon with dexterity.

As to the comment, well, it had been an ungracious one, spoken when the proposed extension of a certain walking party had been laid before him by his friend, and met with this remark, "Why on earth do you develop our outing into a sort of Cook's excursion party by dragging a lot of noisy, near-sighted women up to the Campo di Fiori?"

And the prejudice was part and parcel of a man who limited a woman's sphere to the still-room—good, peaceful old out-of-date word! John Brownlow had a dozen such stock phrases in the vocabulary of his belief that were words and nothing more—and the nursery.

Miss Meadowes' antipathy, then, like so many items that conspire to the aggregate of a feminine prejudice, was strictly personal; his, racial.

Even if she would not own it to herself—and on the whole she possessed the virtue of honesty—she could not and did not forgive him for keeping his eyes so persistently on his plate when he might have looked upon a very hearty, wholesome specimen of womanhood, and had a censorious spite against the big book he was wont to prop up every morning between him and her while waiting for the kind services of a very fine waiter.

The table he sat at was on her right, hers in the middle of the dining room to his left, with a big window behind it that opened on a terrace where the roses and lizards basked.

Most people in the hotel were early birds, and, therefore, it came to pass that a very pretty profile was silhouetted constantly for his benefit on a sunny background, with no other feminine profiles to dispute its very just claims to perfection.

For myself a profile has great charms, especially where the chin is statuesque and decided, and the nose small with a delicate upward lift.

This man was quite dead to his privileges, and Miss Meadowes did not forgive the callousness.

For she had the good—or will we say ill?—luck to reign a queen in her provincial town, and she enjoyed this queenship by virtue of a nimble wit, fine eyes, possibly the profile, and—truth compels me to subjoin the more substantial ingredient to her social success—a pretty fortune inherited from a dead-and-gone uncle, who was, according to popular belief in the said provincial town, as great a hero as he was a wealthy nabob.

If Miss Meadowes had not had plenty of sound common sense to steady her, there is no knowing to what extremities flattery might have reduced her.

But she had facts to go upon, and facts were what she had always, with a mathematical turn of mind, had a fancy for dealing with.

Her glass told her she was above the average well-looking; her bureau, stacked with certificates of all sorts, testified that she had perseverance and brains—Oh, happy blend!—out of the common; and her piano spoke back to her, and assured her that only soul springs from the wires when genius calls.

Therefore she believed in herself moderately. And men believed in her too, and her—no, let us give them the benefit of the doubt.

Whatever their allegiance implied, at a far-on-stage of the twenties she was still unmarried, and very resentful against the first specimen of male indifference presented to her.

"Absolutely plain, too!" she decided, briskly, as she tendered her tenth curt greeting.

Which was unfair of Miss Meadowes, since only a close-cropped inch or two of head, that in the days of hirsute luxuriance would have been curly, was ever visible above the inanimate offending barricade.

To-day, the tenth morning that they had breakfasted at precisely the same hour and in the same manner, she was too busy with a prospective excursion to the lake to have leisure for much resentment against the stranger; and she proceeded to make her hearty breakfast with a certain glow of content animating her face.

John Brownlow, too, happened to be in a softer mood than his wonted one; he had forgot to compare the self-assertive young women with the demure old-world conception of his brain—a dream built unconsciously on faint memories of a dead girl-mother, set to the tune of a spinning-wheel and the scent of lavender, and a most unsubstantial, wear-out-able, milk-and-and-water sort of creation, as the fashion of dreams.

To the newspaper he was indebted for this half-hour's pure happiness; and wandering in its pages, he did well to forget his present.

For, outside of this first grand holiday of his life, it was a tolerably sordid one. He was deadly poor; and deadly poverty—alongside with fine connections who ignored you, and high ideals that escape you, and senseless pride that hampers you—means a good deal of weariness to the flesh.

Possibly the friction of life had had much to do with the reduction of his adipose tissue, for there was not a spare inch of it anywhere to be found on his frame, and his great height increased the impression of leanness.

Nevertheless, he was not plain. His profile had quite as much claim to distinction as Miss Meadowes', had she taken the trouble to study the matter. But she had not.

She chose to ignore him—creature comforts were her consideration at nine o'clock in the morning; and, apart from that book barricade, she would have forgiven Diogenes from the bottom of her heart, especially on this particular day, when the sun shone so brightly, and the lilies were waiting so sweetly to be gathered beyond the vines and mulberries of this Italian town.

Everything was charming to-day.

Her aunt was better, which was a great fact in the comfortable disposal of a day; for aunts are sometimes autocrats, and when the autocrat and the invalid are rolled into one, the blend is apt to be a terrible one.

A little carol leaped to her mouth.

She caught it back in the nick of time, and went on with her breakfast. Yes; there was no doubt about that, from the feminine point of view, the continental meal was a vast improvement upon the substantial repast of her native land. What more appetizing than bread as light and crisp as frost-touched snow, honey sweet as if bees of Hybla had borne it hither, and coffee such as one gets chronically only abroad?

She considered her subject cheerfully, and with a morsel of roll half-way between her plate and her mouth, became conscious that some repellent object near at hand had been suddenly removed.

She glanced up.

The barricade was down, and her silent neighbor was looking at her.

It was a grave, almost analytical gaze that he directed upon her, and she grew restive under it; because she was sure there was a smile somewhere in the background, and because, while it lasted, she was mesmerized into meeting it.

Then her resentment flashed up speechlessly, and her brows, that were wont to play an important part in her dialogue, said a great many things unconsciously.

Whether the man was able to translate their language or not, he withdrew his slow survey, and returned to his book, and, so doing, let the unpronounced smile have its way.

The paragraph that made him lift his eyes contemplatively was: "As the love of praise is implanted in our bosoms as a strong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult task to get above a desire of it for things that should be wholly indifferent.

"Women, whose hearts are fixed upon the pleasure they have in the consciousness that they are the objects of love and admiration, are ever changing the air of their countenances, and altering the attitude of their bodies, to strike the hearts of their beholders with a new sense of their beauty, which they are impatient to see unobserved."

And that he should glance towards one who was not, after all, a particularly vain woman, proves that either he was very deep-steeped in prejudice or that Molly Meadowes did bear traces of that long course of provincial admiration upon her.

The tables at which they later lunched and dined were far apart, blocked by intervening pillars, so that the unneighborliness of her neighbor in no wise affected her once the morning was past.

But whether that initial glance and unspoken resentment of it put these two on a different footing in their own minds thereafter, I am not sure.

Anyhow, they took to exchanging platitudes on the vines and the weather when they met in hall or garden, and then disagreeing over them.

Two days later, in the big hall, Miss Meadowes, the centre of a little group, was discussing the latest book and its heroine, John Brownlow paused on the hem of the chattering coterie (there was a princess or two in it—foreign of course—as well as women of five or six nationalities) to listen to what they were saying.

He had read the novel under discussion, and liked it. It was wholesomely free from the wearisome sex problems of the season, original and vigorous.

But its centre was not after his heart; she was of the active, philanthropic sort, and it was the passive person alone whom he believed he tolerated.

"I don't like meddlers," he said suddenly, in an interstice of contrary opinion.

Mary looked up carelessly, and, tilting her glasses at their most aggressive angle, "I do," she said; "of course, overripe."

"Pardon me," he returned, quite unabashed by her impertinent misapprehension of his meaning; "we were speaking of women, not fruit. Amalthea was a meddler pure and simple, and she spoilt her life for mere faddist theories."

"And what if she did?"

He shrugged his shoulders, smiling a dry smile.

"Well, not much, I grant, since she at least gained what she worked for, notoriety. It is the breath of life to most of these restless people. What makes any one of your sex—I am not speaking of woman the breadwinner—leave the beaten path of content and quietude, but from the desire for fame, praise, platform adulation, public petting? There was plenty for them to do in the old days of spinning, cooking, and home government.

"But one can't spin, cook, and govern noisily. Nor yet advertise our accomplishments in six-foot placards and newspaper columns. No good work is done now-a-days but to the sound of trumpets."

Then his friend, a piece of mediocrity, called him to a game of billiards, and he moved on. Miss Meadowes accompanied his retreat with an impatient tattoo of capable fingers.

"What limitations!" she said to her neighbor, with a cold laugh, and fell to reading again, while she mentally registered a vow to abandon even weather platitudes with this prejudiced individual.

But the next day she was thrown into something more personal than weather platitudes with him.

She was sitting on a stone wall watching the lizards and swinging her feet—pretty feet, and invariably well shod—when he called her.

She had altered her breakfast hour that day, therefore he said "Good morning."

"Good morning," she said, picking a rose to pieces and swinging her feet a little faster.

He drew up a chair and sat down, looking away over the verdant vine-spread slope with his finger-tips balanced one against the other.

She, glancing at him covertly, saw for the first time how harassed and lined were his features. She noted it with a little contempt—the unconscious, inherent, vulgar contempt that human things sometimes have for something their inferior.

She was happy and strong, why not he? Probably he was a few years ahead of her on life's road; why on earth must he bear his burden thus soberly? The sun shone, the sky was blue. He ate, he drank; what more could he want?

He turned, feeling her survey.

"I wonder," he said, "whether a woman is ever quite unconscious of her own good points?"

She looked at him sharply, but his manner was so gravely-meditative that she felt it would be ridiculous to be angry with him for his odd unconventionality, and pondered whether it was more irritating than refreshing.

But there was dignity in the voice with which she replied, "To be conscious of a thing is not to be vain of it."

And then she drew in her feet.

"How needless!" he said.

"Not at all!" and she sprang down lightly, and ran singing along the garden.

Her voice was as full of spring and sweet refreshment as the first note of the cuckoo calling over warm, unawake furrows.

The next day she passed him reading in the garden—such a garden of groves and dells and views and copses; and, with the inconsistency of her sex, she sent out a sudden pity towards one who looked so solitary and alone, and with whom his traveling companion, seemed to have so little in common.

"What a delightful day!" she said.

"Yes," he answered.

"And a delightful world!"

He smiled.

"To-day, yes."

"And why not to-morrow?" she said, sitting down beside him, and deciding that, after all, to look poor and unhappy—provided you are handsome—is to be picturesquely interesting.

"To-morrow is such a big word," he said; "and thank heaven it never comes. Nevertheless, just now I am taking thought for it."

"And anticipating cares for it that perhaps will never come?"

Her voice—a contralto—had tender modulations about it, and he replied to it at once simply, "Yes."

He was a most unworldly fellow, in truth—not even wise enough to try to look prosperous when he was unprosperous.

"I wouldn't," she said. "Just for to-day live in to-day."

Truly a day to bless the Giver for—waving green below, naked blue above, sun everywhere; and the sparkle of water—a landscape's smile—in the dip of a slope.

"Tell me," she went on in her brisk young voice, "what you are reading. Browning? He is a brave optimist."

"Almost a roistering. Sometimes we can't get up to it—it is so exhaustingly bracing."

She folded her hands thoughtfully—an attitude that sat almost demurely on her—and "I suppose," she said, "it is easy for some of us to be optimists. It is for me. I am so happy—so lucky, some people would say; for myself, I don't like the world."

He did not answer.

There had not been much question of luck in the life of this hard-pressed journalist taking his first holiday at thirty-five.

"Well," she said, getting up with a cheerful laugh, "the sun shines. It is enough for me to-day."

"And for me, too." There was a smile in his eyes; and Miss Meadowes sang as she went into the house.

She half thought she would talk to him that night again; but at night, as circumstances fell out, she had other things to think of.

She was going upstairs when she ran against Dr. Garth hurrying down.

"My dear young lady, he said, "the very person I want! 'Tis a case of extremity. Extremity, I gather from my observation of you already, is just what you are able to deal with."

She smiled questioningly. Aunt Priscilla was a terrible handful; they had met over her bed many times in the last six weeks.

"The little Prince—Carl, you know the lad—is down with the worst of his epileptic fits; his nurse sickened two days ago with influenza, and his mother, the Princess," he lifted his eyebrows, spreading his hands, "well, she always tumbles at the first note of danger, a heap of imbecility and incompetence. I want you to take charge of the boy to-night."

"But Aunt Priscilla?" said Miss Meadowes.

"I will settle with her."

"And Princesses—I don't like them; a foreign princess will take me for an upper nurse, and fee me with a packet of lirae and a half-worn frock."

"Nonsense!"

"I shall go incog."

"Have it your own way. An inch or two of cap is sufficient to dull the comprehension of such faculties as the Princess possesses. I am sure you won't let fancies deter you in a labor of love."

"I will not," she said.

"Thanks. Meet me in a quarter of an hour outside No. 76, and you shall have your directions. I have wired to Milan for a nurse; she can't be here till to-morrow."

So Miss Meadowes undertook the care of the weakling who was his mother's joy; and therefore it was that, when Brownlow strayed through the hall where he was wont nightly to see a certain girl in cheerful converse, a familiar figure was absent, and he retreated to the terrace with a sense of disappointment that he wondered at.

Suddenly he took out of his pocket the book that he had been reading when the sun was high, and by the light of the moon he marked a passage with his bold pencilling.

It ran:

"And we slope to Italy at last,
And youth, by green degrees."

And then he set himself to remember by which way a certain person generally left the house in the morning.

But neither at nine o'clock or at any fraction of time between that and ten did he encounter that frank face opposite to him the next day.

He went and sat in a remote corner of the grounds, and dropped drearily into the consideration of his money matters and the unspoken warfare with his editors; and then he dotted down his homeward route, clipping and chipping it to match his exchequer, and recollected that he had four days more in Italy.

He had expended the last few francs of his savings in an imaginary purchase of old silver at a corner shop in a quaint street of Varese, as a remembrance of a holiday, when his neighbor at dinner passed by.

She was garrulous old lady, and pleasant withal, and she had a great deal to tell him in praise of a good Samaritan in the hotel—a flying visitor who had disappeared with dawn, but who had stayed long enough to save little Prince Carl's life.

The mother's gratitude, and the mysterious benefactress and the unostentatious kindness, and the silliness of the Princess, all came in for full description; and at the tail of her discourse the old lady gave her moral, wagging her little index-finger knowingly—"Which all goes, you know, Mr. Brownlow, to prove the fallacy of your trumpet-and platform idea the other night, when we talked of Amalthea. There are a lot—hundreds and thousands—of women doing a good work to-day in corners and by-ways with never a thought of reward—just as many as in your mother's day. And now take an old woman's advice, and don't be out of love with your generation."

He made a half-hearted attempt at a humorous smile, and the old lady smiled wholly humorously and went her way.

Then he took out his book, meaning to read, but instead laid it on the seat beside him, and stared at the bit of white light among the green that meant the lake. Presently came other steps, light, quick, and decisive.

He knew them before they paused at his side.

"You!" he said.

"Yes, what are you doing? Shall I interrupt? May I see what you are reading?"

She took up the open book, and her eyes fell on the pencilled line:

"Good, dear old obscure Browning! Now, pray what does that mean, Mr. Brownlow? I am a frightfully prosaic, unpoetical sort of soul—'And we slope to Italy at last, and youth, by green degrees.'"

She wrinkled up her smooth brow in introspective commune as she repeated the lines; he smiled, leaning forward to take the book out of her hand.

"I suppose the beauty of the poet lies so often in the fact that the world takes the created thought, and translates it to its own fancy, seeing its own case portrayed. To me the words convey the idea of a pleasant journey by slow serene stages of verdurous pasture to a happy land of sunshine where the joys of youth steal back to one in idle, purposeless hours, and one remembers what it is to have hope and vigor, strength and love, to look forward to. And Italy!—let Italy speak for herself to-day. We are with her—of her."

He was looking at his neighbor with grave dark eyes; but she, lightly scattering scraps of grasses, would not meet the glance or consider the earnestness of his voice.

She laughed a little uncertain laugh, got up, and then came back to his side again.

"What hotel news is stirring?" she asked. "Gossip is much dearer to the average feminine mind than poetry."

"Madame de Chauvet had a great deal to tell me just now of a mysterious good fairy in the night who saved Prince Carl's life, and disappeared as she had appeared; and she made her tale effective by tagging an appropriate little moral to it that I had set myself to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest when you came up."

"Really!" she said. "What sort of moral?"

"That women can work silently and thoroughly. I am learning a lot of new things in happy Italy."

She looked at him under her lids.

"And do you believe it?"

He laughed.

She came a little nearer to him, as if impelled against her will. "Do you?"

"I am not sure. One wants to believe a lot of pretty things that are not precisely true. And one would like to think the Feminine Unknown of last night did act from purely charitable motives, and with no ulterior thought stretching towards a newspaper paragraph, a hotel petting, a substantial remuneration, and the potency of princesses."

A slow color mounted Miss Meadowes' face. "Why are you so warped in your ideas?" she said under her breath.

"Warped!" he said. "Am I? I suppose it is the circumstances of my upbringing. Orphans with fairly-respectable and overwhelmingly proud connections, lonely lives, and a struggle for their daily bread, possibly do become warped. When they emerge into the broad light of youth and Italy, they spread their withered branches and make brave effort at growing."

"Poor thing," she said softly; and then she plucked at a rose.

"Mr. Brownlow!"

"Well?"

She paused, coming and standing just opposite to him. "Do you think that anyone you have ever met—a cousin, or a sister, or an aunt—could have acted as the Unknown Person did last night, knowing full well they were serving a princess?"

He laughed, throwing up his head. "The odds are against it. With the one or two particular aunts and cousins—I have no sisters—who have honored me with their acquaintance, the smile of the world is all-potent. In fact, they are of the platform-placard sort I referred to—'On the 16th instant, the bazaar for the making of muffs and mittens for pussy-cats will be opened by Lady Mary Pentwhistle,' etc."

She smiled pensively. "Your aunt?"

"My revered aunt. Oh, yes; the approval of the hotel would have been a necessity of her being after a night's vigil."

"And anyone else—not your relations?" she asked, with her eyes on the flower she was dissecting.

"I don't know many 'anyone elses,' Miss Meadowes."

She threw up her chin a little proudly, with an odd laugh—"You don't think, for instance——" then she walked abruptly to the other side of the path, and came back laughing still; and to herself, "Shall I? Shall I not?" she said.

She snapped off a fresh-gathered rose, and counting, "Yes, no—yes, no," to the number of its petals, she came to the last.

It was "Yes."

"No; I will not," she said, refusing the flower's verdict. Her face was redder than the rose she had scattered. "It would be ostentatious."

Uncertainly she moved away, and then came back to him. "When are you going away—next week?" she said.

"This week—in four days."

"Four days? And we shall never meet again! Then, what does it matter? Men don't chatter. I was the Unknown. And the Princess doesn't know."

She laughed, caught up her skirts, and sped swiftly away between the wygelas.

Afterwards she gave him no chance for talk. She breakfasted at a different time, and attached herself to garrulous ladies who held working parties in great groups nightly.

But one evening, when the stars were coming out, he took her unawares.

All the rest of the hotel were indoors.

She was sitting on the stone wall under the great sky with her face to the west and Monte Rosa.

When she saw him she jumped down.

"You are not going in yet?" he said.

She stood still with a somewhat ostentatious little sigh; and he drew up two chairs.

"Because," he said, sitting down in one, "I want to tell you a tale—to ask your advice. It is about a friend I know—a poor sort of a fellow whom life has been unkind to and placed in a dilemma. I don't know why I take an interest in him—there it is, however. For he is a gruff, unlikeable sort of personage, horribly poor and foolishly proud, with but a faint pretention of being a poetaster, and a mind chokeful of prejudices. Shall I talk of him?"

She had climbed the wall again, and sat staring at the deep, star-pierced sky. "Yes, if you like," she said, adjusting her eye-glasses.

"He is somewhat of a failure, I take it, and knows it—knows that it is his own fault—the failure—because he is an unadaptable creature, and makes egregious mistakes. One of them led him to think he would banish all memory of the old life, escape the tyraldom of copy and newspaper article, and consume half-a-year's income on a grand holiday. And he did it.

"And by green degrees he came to youth and Italy. And here he met some one who taught him half his ideas were folly, most of his ambitions emptiness; and he woke to wonder how far he had been mad in learning the lesson, how far wise in breaking from his prejudices, and how far happy in seeing Italy; and, waking, told himself that, for that dream's sake of faith and kindliness, he would gladly bear the penalty of after pain.

"But he thought he should like, before he got back into the old clamor, to tell that friend who had unconsciously helped him to dream that it was her hand that had painted the idyllic picture for him; and he wondered how he dared approach the matter, wondered if—afterwards, hundreds of miles away and apart—she would still give her friendship and wish him well.

"Some women would; some wouldn't. He is a very awkward fellow in pleading his cause, and clumsy where he would fain be at his best. Tell me, Miss Meadowes, would a woman want to forget—to ignore?"

She looked away at the mountains.

"I am not sure," she said low; "I think she would. And yet——"

The smile she turned to him was benediction; for the moment she was the typical Mary, benignant, sweet, serene; and he caught her hands uncertainly, pressing them hard.

She sprang from her perch impatiently. "Parables and poetry are so tiring," she said, spreading her white arms in the moonlight, "I am going down to the grotto to look at the fireflies."

On the steps she paused, glancing over her shoulder.

"I wonder if I dare go—alone," she said.

INCENTIVES.—It is by no means an insignificant matter by what incentive we induce a man to choose a course of action. It is a great mistake to think that, so long as he contents to walk in the right path, it does not matter how he is persuaded to do so. Conduct is of vast importance, but character outweighs it, and motives form a large part of character. Therefore, if we are at all responsible for the acts which we urge men to perform, we are at least equally so for the springs which we touch within them.

Miss Bannister.

BY D P

"WELL, Tom, anything new in this part of the world since I was here last?" I inquired of my friend Allford, as I settled myself for a smoke and a chat in Tom's cosy sanctum, half study, half smoking-room—the one room in the house that was sacred to the master of Holly Hall.

"H'm—well, no—I can't say there is," returned my friend, emitting a volume of smoke. "The neighborhood is much the same, I think—a few people dead, and a few married. You remember Bob Lawless, Jim? He is married and settled down, I think. That is about all the changes that have taken place. No!—I was nearly forgetting—I have tenants at last for Briar rose Cottage!"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, greatly interested; for Tom had done his best for the past six years to let the Cottage and had not succeeded in doing so. "No—have you really? What sort of people are they?"

"They seem rather a rum pair in some ways," answered Allford, gazing steadily into the fire. "Mother and daughter—daughter a very taking looking girl—charming manner, good figure, although a trifle too square about the shoulders! Kitty likes her immensely; but the mother seems a peculiar old party—never shows outside the door. Very glad to see you, and all that; but she hasn't returned any visits—pleads ill health, although she looks strong enough. Never speaks above a whisper, in a hoarse croaky voice. I confess I can't quite make her out."

"Perhaps not," I returned absently. "What's their name?"

"Bannister—connexions of the Bannisters of Exeshire, I believe—cousins or something; and that's good enough. Yet I must confess they puzzle me, or rather the old party does!"

"Why, Tom," I asked, laughing, "do you think she is a female dynamiter, or anything of that sort?"

"Don't be a fool, Jim!" growled Allford. "Of course I don't think anything so absurd! However, you will have a chance of judging for yourself what Miss Bannister is like; she is coming here to-morrow to dinner. By-the-way, wasn't that a daring affair, that robbery at Brocken Park the other day? No end of valuable jewels were stolen, besides a quantity of plate."

"Yes—I heard of that," I replied. "And they couldn't catch the people who did it?"

"No. They are a clever gang, no doubt, and know pretty well what they are about; they managed to get clear off, at any rate. It nearly frightened Kitty into fits; she thought they might take it into their heads to pay us a visit. She has some jewelry that belonged to her grandmother; and Brocken Park is only ten miles from here."

"They wouldn't attempt another robbery again so soon in the same neighborhood," I observed; "so Mrs. Allford needn't be alarmed."

The conversation then turned to other topics; and shortly afterwards we separated for the night.

I must confess that it was with considerable curiosity that I entered the drawing room on the following evening, for I was anxious to see Miss Bannister.

I found that nearly all were assembled; and Mrs. Allford introduced me to Miss Bannister, and I took her in to dinner.

It was not until we were fairly seated at the table that I had a good opportunity of studying my fair neighbor. Yes—she was undeniably pretty, with a clear delicate skin and most beautiful eyes—large, gray blue, and pathetic.

She had most luxuriant silky chestnut hair, which she wore high on her head. She was plainly dressed in a soft black clinging gown, slightly open at the throat; her hands, I noticed, although well shaped and very white, were rather large. Her manner, with its almost child-like simplicity, was simply charming.

The conversation at dinner turned mostly upon the burglary at Brocken Park.

"Isn't it dreadful?" said Miss Bannister, raising her pathetic eyes to mine. "Poor mamma is so terribly nervous; she imagines every night that the Cottage will be broken into!"

I laughingly reassured her on that point, and suggested that it was highly improbable that the burglars had remained in the neighborhood.

Somehow I felt unaccountably attracted towards Miss Bannister, and we

soon became great friends. Before I bade her "Good-bye" that night, I had asked her and obtained leave to call at the Cottage.

The following day I found my way to the Cottage, and was ushered into the small drawing-room, which looked delightfully cosy and home-like. Miss Bannister herself rose from a low seat with outstretched hands and a sweet smile of welcome; then she turned to her mother.

"Mother, this is Captain Illbert, who is staying with Mr. Alliford."

Tom was certainly right, I thought, when he described Mrs. Bannister as being a peculiar old party. She bore not the faintest resemblance to her daughter; her eyes were sharp and beady, and she had a profusion of gray hair, which she wore low on her forehead. As she sat huddled up, enveloped in shawls, she looked like an old gray monkey. I wondered how so plain-looking a woman could possess such a pretty daughter.

Mrs. Bannister greeted me in a friendly manner, while her daughter busied herself over some fancy-work.

"Does Lord Roxley ever intend to come home again?" inquired Miss Bannister, after we had exhausted the subject of the weather. "It seems such a pity for that beautiful place, Roxley Castle to be shut up, and with only a few servants to look after it! But I suppose there is nothing of value in it?"

"Well, I don't know," I returned. "All the Roxley plate is there; and there is a large quantity of gold plate besides."

"Dear, dear—what a risk!" exclaimed Mrs. Bannister.

"And what a temptation to would-be burglars!" added her daughter. "And are there only the housekeeper and the butler in the house?"

"I believe so," I answered, suppressing a yawn, for the Roxley household did not interest me much.

"Do you intend to stay long at the Hall?" asked Miss Bannister.

"About three weeks," I replied; and then the talk drifted off into other channels.

I thought a great deal of Miss Bannister as I walked back in the deepening twilight to the Hall.

"Was I," I asked myself sharply, 'falling in love?" Alas, it looked very much like it!

* * * * *

One afternoon just about dusk I was walking slowly homeward, my gun on my shoulder, when I came upon Miss Bannister talking to a rather seedy-looking man, muffled in a thick great-coat, with his hat pulled low over his forehead. I was too far off to distinguish his features, and as I drew nearer he sprang over a stile and disappeared into the thick coppice.

"I—I think that man was a tramp!" Miss Bannister said, running up to me and putting her hand in mine. "He was asking me for money. And, oh, Captain Illbert, I was so glad to see you coming!"

Somehow I hardly believed this story, for the man did not look altogether like a tramp; and I remained silent during the greater part of the walk.

"I shall only say 'good by!'" Miss Bannister said, smiling, as we paused at the gate of the Cottage. "I am to dine at the Hall to night."

I think she had never looked so charming as she did that night. Her cheeks were feverishly flushed and her eyes unnaturally bright. There were a suppressed excitement and restlessness in her manner altogether different from her usual serenity; and round her neck was clasped a collar of brilliants very similar to one I had seen Mrs. Alliford wearing. So close was the resemblance that I eyed it curiously.

"Yes," she said, answering my look and touching the necklet lightly—"I am borrowed plumes to night. I managed to scratch my neck badly with a pin, and, to hide the ugly mark, Mrs. Alliford kindly lent me her necklet!"—and she laughed musically.

Before bidding her good-night that evening I managed to have a few words with her in the conservatory, and all my doubts and fears of the afternoon forgotten, I poured forth my love.

"Darling, will you wear this for my sake?" I asked, as, drawing a ring from my finger—a large solitaire diamond set in a massive band of gold—I slipped it on her hand, she accepting it passively.

"And may I speak to your mother to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, yes—to-morrow," she answered, half dreamily; then she smiled sweetly. "Yes—come to-morrow." Then hastening from my side, she re-entered the drawing-room.

On the morrow we were greeted with a startling piece of intelligence. Roxley Castle was broken into during the night, all the plate had been stolen, and the butler left bound and gagged.

Just before luncheon Tom was informed that the superintendent of police wished to speak to him.

"Come along, Jim, and we'll hear what he has to say!" exclaimed Tom.

I followed him to the library. What the superintendent had to impart staggered us considerably. He wanted nothing less than a warrant to search the Cottage. Tom glared at him speechless for a moment.

"Why, bless me, man," he cried, when he was able to speak, "do you suspect either of the ladies there of concealing the burglars?"

"I simply suspect that the ladies have more to say to this than you or any of us think," replied the superintendent. "We received a telegram to day from the detectives stating that some of the gang were staying in the neighborhood disguised, and my suspicions were directed at once to the occupants of the Cottage——"

"But that's all rubbish!" interrupted Tom.

"This photograph," went on the superintendent quietly, "I should recognize anywhere as that of Miss Bannister."

"Well, it might pass for Miss Bannister," said Tom slowly, "supposing she were disguised as a boy."

"'Miss Bannister' as she is," said the superintendent; "for Miss Bannister is a boy, and by far the cleverest of the gang!"

I seized the photo and scanned it eagerly. Yes—there were the delicately-chiselled nose, the pretty mouth, and the great pathetic eyes. The hair, of course, was closely cropped.

"It's a tricky thing though, Maxwell, to search the place and arrest people only on such proofs as these," said Tom, tapping the photographs.

"I think, sir, our proofs are strong enough," the superintendent replied. "There are five altogether mixed up in the business—the old fellow—that is Mrs. Bannister—his wife and son—Miss Bannister—and two pals. They are a clever set of thieves; but I think we've nicked 'em neatly now!"

The superintendent was however wrong. On arriving at the Cottage, it was found deserted; its tenants had fled.

"Why, they must have got away in the night!" he cried. "Oh, if I'd only had word sooner!"

We returned to the Hall, where we informed Mrs. Alliford of the strange events of the morning.

"Pleasant thing, Jim," said Tom, "to have had a member of the swell mob dining at your table and on intimate terms with your wife!"

"But my necklace, Tom!" cried his better-half tragically. "She took it away with her last night!"

And then I thought of my ring, and my feelings became too complicated for description.

"I must get my diamonds back!" sobbed Mrs. Alliford.

Mrs. Alliford however never recovered her diamonds; and it was a long time before I forgot my ring and the sweet smile and pathetic eyes of Miss Bannister!

ABOUT NAMES.

The Christian names derived from the Latin tongue are numerous, as might be expected from the greatness of the general debt which all modern languages owe to the speech of Rome.

Anthony (or Antony) was a name rendered famous by a Roman, Marcus Antonius—one of the three who once held conjunct rule over the world. We therefore place it among the appelations borrowed from Rome, though it is derived from a Greek term signifying "flourishing."

Augustus is a word which radically signifies "increasing," "waxing in honor," and in this sense was given as a supplementary name to the first imperial Cæsar, since whose time it has been common in the families of princes.

The name of Cæsar itself, it may be remarked here, is occasionally used as a Christian name. It most probably signifies, etymologically, "well-haired" or more likely still "red haired."

From being the generic appellation of the emperors of Rome, Cæsar has been adopted by other potentates in various quarters of the world. In Germany, for example, it was thus used in the form of "Kaiser," and we believe the northern word 'Czar" is be traced to the same source.

Boniface is a name which was much esteemed by the early Christians, and which many worthy Fathers of the Church were well pleased to bear. Boniface has an excellent signification—"a well doer."

Clement and Constantine are two names from the Latin—the first signifying "mild" or "merciful," and the second, "resolute," "standing firm by anything." Felix is a name in this same condition; it means "happy."

The next we have to notice was a favorite in other days, though, by some unaccountable award of fate, the name is no more to be heard among men. We allude to the name of Hilary, which signifies "merry" or "cheerful."

Laurence is an agreeable name and signifies "laurel like," or "laurel-crowned," being derived from the Latin "laurus," a laurel.

Lionel, "a little lion," in its etymological sense. Martin is a good martial name, "martial" being its proper signification. Maurice means one of Moorish origin, "sprung of a Moor." Oliver is from the Latin word "oliva," an oliva tree. Patrick has the sense of "a noble" or "patrician." Arabella is first in alphabetical order of the female names derived from the Latin, and means a "fair altar."

Barbara is from the same source as our word "barbarous," but has properly the softer meaning of "strange" or "foreign." Beatrice signifies "making happy." Cecilia (and the less common male name Cecil) have in the Latin the signification "gray-eyed," or perhaps, "dim sighted." Clara is one of the finest of our female names. It has the meaning of "clear" or "bright." Constance means "resolute." Grace, one of the sweetest of all the names given to Christian women, signifies simply "favor," or grace in the sense of favor. Felicia has the signification of "happy."

Julia is a name in rather an awkward predicament. It means "soft haired" or "mossy bearded." Now what, in the name of horror, are we to do with a mossy-chinned Julia, or, still worse, a Juliet, for they are all of a kin?

Letitia, usually shortened into Lettice, denotes "joy." Lucy is a favorite name with almost all. It is derived from the same Latin word as the adjective "lucid," or light and has much the same meaning.

Mabel is either from Ma belle, signifying "my fair," or contracted from amabilis, "lovely" or "amiable." Olivia is a good name, derived, like Oliver, from the symbol of peace, the olive. Patience means what in common speech the word implies.

To close this catalogue of baptismal names from the Latin, we have but one other to allude to, namely, Ursula; and how this appellation came to be given to any mortal woman we cannot guess. The word signifies a "female bear."

SUSPICIOUS.—The importance of avoiding the very appearance of evil is shown by the following anecdote:

A man living in a country town recently became conscious that his neighbors and acquaintances cast very suspicious glances at him. Then he became aware that his footsteps were dogged. A constable was occasionally seen watching his house, and subsequently a stranger, who turned out to be a detective, appeared.

Tortured and troubled, the gentleman at last asked a friend the meaning of it all.

"Don't you know?" said his friend. "They suspect you of murder."

"Of murder?" cried the horrified man. "What do you mean?"

"You received a postal card last week?"

"Very likely I received a dozen."

"But on this one was written these words—'Be sure and save the son, but kill the father,' and the postmaster read——"

But at this a hearty laugh broke in upon the dialogue. The card in question had come from a well-known theatrical manager, for whom the gentleman had written a play, which the manager wanted amended in certain particulars.

A WISE KING.—The Prince Regent of Bavaria wisely insisted that each of his children be taught a manual trade. The future king, Prince Rupert, learns that of a turner, and works every day in his shop. The young Prince Franz is a painter, and Prince Charles a gardener.

At Home and Abroad.

The American bale of cotton averages 450 pounds, the Indian bale 400 and the Egyptian bale 717. Some idea of the vast extent of the world's cotton area, says an Atlanta paper, may be gathered from the fact that in the United States alone it covers over 20 000 000 acres. In 1830 the world's total output of cotton aggregated only 037 000 000 pounds, or eleven times less than in 1895. Within a single decade, however, the product almost doubled, amounting in 1840 to 1,192 000 000 pounds. Since then the world's product has been as follows: 2 391 000 000 pounds in 1860, 4,039 000 000 pounds in 1880 and 7 280,000 000 in 1895.

An American traveler was standing the other evening in one of the shadowy arcades of the Coliseum at Rome, when he was somewhat brusquely hustled by a passing figure. With a quick instinct he clapped his hand to his watch pocket. His watch was gone! He darted after the thief, who turned sharply round, at the same time clutching a watch. "Give me that watch!" A dash!—the stolen property was recovered. The startled robber disappeared, and the gentleman went home to boast of his adventure and his prowess. What was his consternation on entering his bedroom to find his own watch, which he had forgotten to put on, staring him in the face from the mantel-piece! He had been the thief, and the other wretched man had stumbled over him in the dark, and when overtaken and stopped was merely clutching his own watch, which he had not the nerve to rescue from the tourist. That tourist is now know to a wide and admiring circle of friends as the "Bandit of the Coliseum."

Blind people's first experiences of sight are curious. An old man who was born blind lately received his sight by the removal of a cataract. When the bandage was first removed from his eyes, the patient started violently and cried out as if with fear, and for a while was quite nervous from the effects of the shock. For the first time in his life he looked upon the earth. One of his earliest sights was a flock of sparrows, and he could not understand the flying in the air. A few moments afterwards, however, he readily distinguished a watch which was shown to him. It is supposed that his recognition was owing to the fact that he heard it ticking. The blaze from a lamp excited the most lively surprise in his mind. He had no idea what it was, and when it was brought near wanted to pick it up. As the night approached upon the day when he first used his eyes he was in a fright, fearing that he was losing the sight which he had so wonderfully found after sixty years of darkness.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Our Young Folks.

A FAULT ATONED.

BY W. L. A.

ROGER ST. BERNARD was universally regarded as the leading dog of the neighborhood. He was exceedingly handsome; he was of aristocratic birth; he was nearly as rich as the miserly millionaire mastiff who lived in the next street, and he was far superior, intellectually, to all the dogs of his set. He was kind in disposition and dignified in manner, and never fought except in self-defense.

His moral influence in dog circles was excellent. Before he came to Surbiton the local dogs were decidedly noisy, not to say rowdy, in their habits. They were fond of hearing themselves bark at night, and many of them took pleasure in frightening inoffensive women and children, and timid men.

It was not long before Roger, by precept and example, taught them the impropriety of such conduct, and Surbiton gained the reputation of having the best-behaved dogs in the country.

A Spitz dog, who resided a few doors from Roger's house, declined to listen to his admonitions, and one day Roger saw him in the act of snapping at the heels of two little girls.

Something that seemed to the Spitz to partake of the nature of a combined cyclone and earthquake suddenly struck him, and in an instant he found himself lying in the middle of the road, with two broken ribs, and an effectually broken spirit. From that day forth the heels of little girls were safe, so far as that Spitz was concerned.

As has been said, Roger was rich. He lived in one of the best houses in the vicinity, and kept a mild, good-tempered man, whom he invariably spoke of as "his master," thereby gaining an unmerited reputation as a humorist in dog circles, for, in point of fact, humor, both of the new and the old varieties, was quite incomprehensible to him.

Being of a most generous disposition, he permitted this man to bring a family, consisting of a wife, two grown-up sons, an unmarried sister of middle age and extremely strict views, and a large black cat, to live with him.

Roger never, by word or act, intimated that these people were not heartily welcome, though, as a matter of fact, he did not find them sympathetic. The cat was especially obnoxious to him, being a cold, unintellectual being, who cared only for her own comfort, and was to Roger's certain knowledge a shameless thief, though he magnanimously declined to betray her.

He contented himself with treating her with silent contempt, and even when she falsely accused him to the maiden aunt, who was completely under her malign influence, of having stolen cream that the cat herself had stolen, he disdained to defend himself.

Nevertheless, Roger insisted, as a matter of self-respect, upon certain rights which were unquestionably his. The rug in front of the drawing-room fire he held to be his especial property, and he never permitted anyone, whether cat, dog, or man, to usurp it.

He claimed, too, the right to drive away strange cats who intruded upon the premises, and the fact that these were often friends and invited guests of the black cat did not have the slightest effect in altering his conduct. But the cat was merely a speck in the otherwise flawless happiness of Roger's daily life.

He was satisfied with his "master," at peace with his own conscience, and innocently proud of his social position. But this happiness was not destined to last.

One day the "master," presuming, as usual, on the dog's liberality and courtesy, brought a niece to live with him. She was a golden-haired little girl, not more than ten years old, and the moment Roger saw her he lost his heart.

He was lying on the rug as she entered the room, and as he raised his head and looked at her, he thought for a moment that he was dreaming.

Never in his life had he seen such a vision of loveliness, and in an instant he knew that there was something in the world minutely sweeter than chasing cats, and minutely dearer than bones, and that this priceless thing was love. Roger was in love with the new comer. From the first moment that he saw her, there was nothing else in the world to him but the golden-haired girl.

He rose up and came toward her, intending to lay his head in her lap, and convey to her the fact that he was her humble slave, but she did not welcome him with courtesy, much less with kindness.

"Go away, you great, horrid thing!" she exclaimed as he came near her. "I'm awfully afraid of dogs!" And then she actually picked up the black cat, and kissed her, and called her "Dear, darling pussy."

Roger went back to his rug and sat down with his back to the family, and wondered if it were possible that he was a great, horrid thing. He was not in the least angry, but he was hurt. At that moment his contempt for the cat changed to bitter hatred, and he half resolved that he would take measures to compel her to quit the house.

The little girl did not stay very long in the drawing-room, for the hour was already late, and she soon went upstairs, accompanied by the rest of the family, and leaving Roger to darkness and his own unhappy thoughts.

But a good night's rest put Roger in good spirits again. He reflected that the child might have had the terrible disadvantage of being brought up in a family where there were no dogs. He had heard of such families, and knew that they existed even in Christian lands.

In such case it was not strange that she should be afraid of a dog, but he felt sure that in a very little while he could win her affections, and he began from that hour to do everything which he fancied might lead her to care for him.

Whenever Nellie went out to walk, he went with her, keeping discreetly in the rear, where she could not find fault with him, but always ready to protect her.

If she dropped her handkerchief, or her doll, or anything else, he instantly picked it up and brought it to her. Whenever he had a particularly nice bone for dinner he buried it in the back-yard, and at the first opportunity, when he found Nellie alone, he dug up the bone and brought it to her.

He had a great dislike of singing, and hitherto had always mentioned it by howling gloomily whenever the maiden aunt ventured to sing; but when Nellie sang he clinched his teeth tightly together, so as to make sure that he could not howl, and even beat applause on the floor with his tail.

He actually said to himself that he loved to hear her sing, though in this matter he undoubtedly deceived himself.

Instead of spending the night on his rug in front of the comfortable fire, as had always been his custom, he now slept every night on the floor just outside of Nellie's door, until one night, when she got up to run to her aunt's room, having been frightened by a bad dream, she fell over Roger.

It hurt him a good deal, for she was a heavy child for her years; but he cared little for that. What gave him the sharpest pain was that she complained to her uncle that Roger slept outside her door, and he was therefore requested to sleep in the kitchen, where the cat spent the night, which was a cruel insult to a high-spirited and aristocratic dog.

But all Roger's efforts to please Nellie were in vain. When he brought her bones that were in perfect condition she said that he was "perfectly horrid," and called the maid to come and throw the bones away.

She never thanked him for picking up things for her, and often said to her aunt, "There is that brute of a dog with my precious dolly in his ugly mouth! I do wonder why uncle allows the beast to come into the house!" Meanwhile she was on excellent terms with the cat, and seemed never tired of petting her and playing with her.

Things went on in this way for nearly a month. Day and night Roger lived in hope that Nellie would at last recognize his devotion, and learn to love him. He had never once allowed a child to ride on his back, and he felt that it would be a serious affront to his dignity, but he often wished that he could induce Nellie to ride on him.

Gladly would he have carried her to the end of the world, never heeding for an instant the sneers of ignorant and envious dogs. Once he ventured to speak to the cat concerning Nellie, and asked the animal why it was that Nellie was so fond of her.

The cat was so astonished at being addressed by Roger that she quite lost her presence of mind, and swore wickedly at him.

"I am aware that he was in distress, but he's extremely happy, and used to it," she said, lazily, like one [illegible] "He looks like a great, lumbering, stupid brute. She will never like you, for she is a girl of excellent taste."

Roger knew that the cat had served him right for lowering himself to speak to her, but he was terribly afraid that what she had said was true, and that Nellie really regarded him as a stupid brute.

Then Roger took a sudden resolution to strive to forget his sorrows. He went out much more frequently than formerly, and began to associate with dogs of notoriously bad character.

He made friends with the Spitz whom he had once punished, and the two would frequently bark at the moon together.

Roger knew that it was a senseless and ungentlemanly practice, but there was a certain excitement in it which caused him temporarily to feel in better spirits. Then he gradually formed the habit of flying out at horses and trying to frighten them.

He never did this when he was alone, but when he was in company with his dissolute companions he was as noisy and outrageous as the worst of them.

There was a coach dog among Roger's new friends, who, although he was weak and vulgar, was not positively vicious. This dog was pained to see Roger entering on the downward path, and one day said to him:

"Roger, this sort of thing isn't fit for you. What has come over you to induce you to go in for vicious pleasures in this way? Take my advice, and pull up before it is too late."

"It is too late!" said Roger, gloomily. "Thank you kindly, but there is no hope for me; I am a ruined dog."

The coach dog said no more, and that very night Roger consented to go with the Spitz on a sheep-killing expedition. He knew very well what he was doing, but he said to himself that the sooner he was caught committing some grave crime, and shot, the better it would be for him.

All night he and the Spitz hunted sheep, and worried more than half-a-dozen of the innocent little animals. In the morning, Roger slunk through the back streets to his once-happy home, a wretched criminal; and all day long he lay, not on his rug, but on the front door-step, waiting for the officers of justice to arrest him, and put him to a deserved death.

No officers came, and towards noon Roger took a long and solitary walk by the river. He knew that he was a ruined dog, and, now that the wild excitement of the night was over, he felt an inexpressible horror at his conduct.

To think that he, once so universally respected, should have sunk to the commission of such a brutal crime as sheep killing! Clearly, he was unfit to live. It was impossible that Nellie should ever care for a dog so base and wicked, even if his last crime should not be discovered, and he should not be put to death. He sat down and looked at the river.

He was hot and feverish, and the water looked cool and inviting. Why should he not drown himself, and so put an end to his misery? He had once known a dog who had drowned himself to escape the torture of incurable mange.

Death was the only thing left for him, and he thought it would be better to die by his own paw, than to die by the gun of the officers of justice.

He went a little way back into the bushes, and there thought the matter over for a few moments. He was not long in coming to a decision.

He would have preferred to say farewell to his "master," whom he really liked, but if he ventured back to the house he might be arrested.

So he looked around, for the last time, at the world that had once seemed so bright to him, and then, with a sudden rush and plunge, he flung himself into the river, resolutely keeping his nose under the water.

He was rapidly drowning, when he heard a cry for help. Involuntarily he raised his head, and saw that a girl had fallen into the water a little distance from him.

Forgetting all about himself, he swam to her, and in a few moments he had her safely on the bank, and was standing over her, barking with delight.

It was Nellie! and the moment that he recognized her Roger forgot all about his misery and wickedness. Nellie was more frightened than hurt; and when she saw who it was that had saved her, she put her arms around Roger's neck and kissed him on the nose.

They went home together. Roger had won the love of his little mistress at last. From the love that he gained by that act at the river, Roger girl Nellie never recovered. The cat was so disgusted that she left the house and was never seen again. And yet, although Roger had won the prize on which he had set his heart, he was never again thoroughly happy.

The memory of his folly and crime was always with him. Often, when he sat with his head on Nellie's lap, and she patted him and told him he was a good dog, the tears would trickle down his cheeks, for he knew that he was unworthy of her love. Doubtless he thoroughly repented of his misdeed; but even repentance could not wholly wipe away the stain of the sheep blood that darkened his paws.

The World's Events.

There are nearly 400 varieties of humming birds.

Chinese is spoken by nearly 400,000,000 people.

There are nine kilted battalions in the British army.

The French President's salary is $180,000 per annum.

Muffs were first used by doctors in order to keep their fingers soft.

The Pope can speak English, Italian, German and French perfectly.

In Japan every child is taught to write with either and both hands.

Within the last fifty years the rate of speed of ocean steamers has trebled.

Only one and a half per cent. of the population of India can read and write.

In the public shools in Japan the English language is required to be taught by law.

In Chicago there is an admirable legal bureau, which gives legal advice to the poor.

In the number of murders Italy leads Europe. In the number of suicides Russia is ahead.

Crocodiles, like ostriches, swallow pebbles and small stones for the purpose of grinding their food.

In some parts of Germany the public roads are lined for many miles together with avenues of cherry-trees.

The inhabitants of the United States consume more than half the quinine produced in the world.

It is said that the city of Pittsburg now stands on ground once given in exchange for a violin.

In the laws of England a couple of centuries ago there were 150 crimes for which death was the penalty.

A new lead-headed nail for use on corrugated roofs has appeared. The head flattens under the hammer and prevents leaking.

In Germany the commonest family name is Muller, and there are said to be no fewer than 630,000 Germans who claim this patronymic.

Automatic boot-blacking machines are being introduced into Germany. A coin in the slot sets it in motion sufficiently long to black a pair.

It is said that the human mouth is surely but steadily moving toward the left of the face, owing to the tendency to chew with the teeth of the left jaw.

The largest and oldest chestnut tree in the world stands at the foot of Mount Etna. It is 213 feet in circumference, and is known to be at least 2,000 years old.

A suggestion has been made that the memory of distinguished naval families should be perpetuated in the navy by their names being given to ships of war.

Frogs and toads lay numbers of small eggs. They are dropped in the water, like fish-spawn, in long clusters or strings. The Surinam toad carries her eggs soldered together like a honeycomb on her back.

The greatest portion of Africa is owned by France, with 3,500,000 square miles; next comes Great Britain, with 2,250,000; Germany and Portugal, 900,000 square miles each; Italy, 600,000 and Spain 250,000 square miles.

According to an East Indian paper a novel experiment is to be tried at the military gasworks at Allahabad. The manager has come to the conclusion that a dead horse will make almost as good gas as the best Newcastle coal.

The industry of ostrich-taming is a very profitable one in Africa, where it is computed there are more than 150,000 tame birds. Their habits are very strange. A male and female assist in the incubation, and the young feed at first on surplus food laid outside the nest for that purpose.

A touching old rural custom [illegible] in the West of England during the harvest season. On the edge of a field bordering a highway a sheaf of grain is left standing, which all the peasants in the village reap late, and which is called "the stricken sheaf," as it is the property of the first tramp or other wayfarer who may care to carry away and profit by it.

WHEN AUTUMN COMES.

BY M. E.

When autumn comes, the woods are sere,
The country ways grow dull and drear;
The summer fair has said "Good-bye,"
And in her wake the swallows fly:
The lilies droop by lake and mere,
No skylark's trill comes loud and clear,
No blackbird's ditty enarms the ear,
And one by one the roses die
When autumn comes.

Passes the glory of the year,
And sadly draws its ending near;
Spring seems a dream. God grant that I
Have one who, in the dark days nigh,
Beloved in spring, shall love me dear
When autumn comes!

AND THE GHOST WALKED.

Above most English-speaking countries Scotland possesses a singular wealth of historic apparitions; and, it is remarkable how often conspicuous events of its history have a lurid and significant light thrown over them by some corollary of legend which the popular memory has preserved.

Every one is aware of the story, which Shakespeare found in old chronicles, of the appearance of the three witches to Macbeth, their prophecy, and its tragic consequences. In Shakespeare's play the witches appear to Macbeth and Banquo as the two are crossing a heath near Forres on their way home from victory against rebellious islemen of the west. And so strongly has the dramatic incident taken hold of popular imagination that the hillock on which the witches stood when Macbeth accosted them is actually now pointed out, and the barrenness of its sides accounted for by the statement that the witches poured out their horrid brewing on the summit.

Alexander III., the last of the long line of Celtic kings, was a widower, in old age, and the succession to his throne hung upon the life of his daughter's daughter, the infant Princess of Norway. In the circumstances it was thought well that Alexander should marry again. A bride was found in Iolande, daughter of the Count of Dreux; and the marriage took place amid great rejoicings in the church of Jedburg.

In the evening—it was the 14th of October in the year 1285—to crown the occasion, a great masked ball was given in the abbey. Never, say the chroniclers, had so magnificent a spectacle been before seen in Scotland. Music and the dance were at their height, and the courtly pageant was at its brightest, when suddenly, to the awe and horror of the beholders, the apparition of a ghastly figure became visible on the floor of the abbey. It glided silently amid the revellers, seemed to join for some moments in the dance, and then vanished as silently and swiftly as it had appeared. None there knew what or who it was; but by all who saw it it was taken as an omen of disasters. And, sure enough, not a year afterwards, by an accident to his horse, the brave Scots king lay dead.

Again, not many years after the appearance just narrated, tradition records a strange adventure which is said to have befallen the patriot Wallace. In the course of an amorous adventure in Perth the knight of Elderslie had been all but trapped. Indeed, but for the timely remorse of his ladylove, who had been bought over by the English governor, he must inevitably have been taken. As it was, escaping in woman's clothes, he was closely pursued by his enemies, aided by a bloodhound. Accompanied by a small party of followers, he made for the Forest of Gask.

After some time, the pursuit continuing hot behind them and their case appearing almost desperate, one of the party, a man named Fawdoun, suddenly declared he could go no farther. Wallace appears to have had previous suspicions of his follower's good faith, and these suspicions were now strengthened by Fawdoun's conduct. The leader, at any rate, knew that if this man fell into the English hands the fate of the party was assured. To prevent treachery, therefore, as there was no time to lose, Wallace drew his sword and struck off Fawdoun's head. This act saved the lives of the party for the time, for on the hound reaching the spot it stopped at the blood; but the occurrence had a curious sequel.

The little band, now reduced to thirteen, took up their quarters in Gask Hall. There they made a fire, and began in haste to make ready a couple of sheep which they had taken from a fold close by. They were about to begin a rude supper, when they were startled by a sudden blast of horns outside. Fearing it might be the English who had discovered his retreat, Wallace sent out two men to bring word. After a time, no tidings being returned and the horns making a tremendous blast, he sent out two others. These, however, also remained away; and presently, in anger, the leader sent forth his whole remaining party. Wallace was now left alone, wondering and impatient. Still the blast of horns increased; so, concluding that the place was surrounded by enemies, and that his men had fallen into their hands, the knight himself drew his sword and went to the door.

There, standing opposite to him in the darkness, he beheld Fawdoun, with —dreadful to relate!—his head in his hand. At the sight Wallace crossed himself; but the spectre hardly gave him time to do so, for, with surprising promptitude for a dead man, it hurled the head at him. The hero, nevertheless, proved equal to the occasion, for he picked up the head by the hair and as vigorously hurled it back again. By this time, though, he had had enough of the interview, deeming his antagonist no spirit of man, but some evil; and considering, as the narrator quaintly puts it, that there was little advantage to be got by remaining longer there, he turned and fled. The last thing he saw was Gask Hall in a blaze, with the spectre of Fawdoun towering gigantic in the lurid light, as it brandished a blazing rafter over its head.

One of James I. descendants, if tradition is to be believed, was favored with a supernatural warning. James IV. was at Edinburgh, busy marshalling his army for the campaign, when at midnight a cry was heard at the Market-cross, proclaiming what the invisible herald gave out to be the summons of Pluto. This summons called out upon all men "to compear, both earl, and lord, and baron, and all honest gentlemen within the town, every man specified by his own name, within the space of forty days, before the said Pluto, where it should happen him to appoint." All the persons thus cited, it appears, were among the slain afterwards at Flodden. It is needless to expatiate on these traditions. The chief interest which they possess lies in the light which they reflect upon the human nature of past times.

Grains of Gold.

The praise of fools is censure in disguise.

One secret in success is constancy of purpose.

Unwelcome news is always soon enough heard.

To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage.

Never wade in unknown waters; that is, always look before you leap.

Femininities.

It is difficult for a pretty woman to be anything else.

Every woman has just as much vanity as she wants understanding.

In marriage announcements in Spain the ages of both parties are given.

The fewer secrets a girl has when she is young the fewer wrinkles she will have when she grows old.

In many of the factories of Germany, the women are not permitted to wear corsets during working hours.

"Your wife doesn't look a minute older than she did ten years ago." Hicks: "According to her statistics she isn't."

The blonde: "I wonder if I shall ever live to be a hundred?" The brunette: "Not if you remain twenty-two much longer."

"I thought you said, Grumpy, that you would never allow your wife to ride a bicycle?" "So I did; but she happened to hear of it."

He: "And you don't care for riches, darling?" She: "No; as long as I am able to dress better and have better things than other women, I don't care how poor we are."

Women have, during the last three months, been employed as letter carriers at Temeswar, in Hungary, the system having succeeded so well, it will be extended to other Hungarian towns.

Dr. Johnson, speaking of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well, remarked: "The best evidence I can give you of her perfection in this respect is that one can never remember what she had on."

Mrs. Youngwife: "Could you tell by my manner that I had been married but a short time?" Mrs. Thirdly: "Easily." Mrs. Youngwife: "How?" Mrs. Thirdly: "Well, you seem to believe everything your husband tells you."

Miss Plutus: "But, Captain Hawleigh, would you love me when I grow old and ugly?" The captain, gallantly: "You may grow older, my dear Miss Plutus, but you can never grow uglier." And he wondered why she rejected him.

A witty lady says of the people of a certain town where she has gone to reside, "They are very pleasant, very intellectual, very delightful in a distant sort of way, and talk to you like so many books; but, when you approach them socially, they all climb into their genealogical trees as though they were frightened."

Mr. J. used to say that in the matter of women he had found the following maxims answer admirably: Always speak well of the sex in general, praise the women who are amicable, say nothing about the others, see them little, never trust them, and never let your happiness depend upon a woman, whosoever she may be.

"He's not what you would call strictly handsome," said the major, beaming through his glasses on a baby, as he lay howling in his mother's arms; "but it's the kind of face that grows on you." "It's not the kind of face that grew on you," was the indignant and unexpected reply of the fond mother, "You'd be better looking if it had."

While the rain was pouring down in torrents, a couple of Cairo, Mich., who attended a church social, were married in the open. On the lawn Frank Lawrence, the bridegroom, and Miss Sadie, the bride, took their positions, with an umbrella hoisted over their heads, and the clergyman pronounced them man and wife.

A gentleman had in his service a cook who could just manage to read and write. One day he perceived her taking in some monthly numbers of a work, and he asked her to let him look at the publication. Mary, blushing, said that she wished to improve in her cooking, and that she had been taking in for some months, in parts 'Cook's Voyages.'"

America believes in having women for teachers in its elementary schools. Throughout the States more than 65 per cent. of the tutors are women, and in New Hampshire 90 per cent. of the people engaged in the work belong to the gentler sex. In 1880 there were only seven employments open to women. Now the avocations are to be numbered by hundreds.

Dr. Newton was once speaking of a lady who had recently died. A young lady immediately asked, "Oh, sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied, "There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than 'How did she die?' "How did she live?" he replied.

At a leading school it used to be the custom to assign to every boy, on entrance, a number, with which his books, clothes, and other possessions were marked. A certain mother, on whom this practice had made a deep impression, got it into her head that boys were known to the authorities only by their numbers, and, when calling on her son's house-master, introduced herself as the mother of "25." "Thank goodness, ma'am," exclaimed M. Sellaby, the most ingenuous and outspoken of men, "I'm not the father of as many!"

Masculinities.

You can make lots of headway sometimes by admitting you are wrong when you are not.

"Not every man is made a fool of," remarked the observer of men and things, "but every man has the raw material in him."

Some people sink all enjoyment of present comfort in the foreboding apprehension of future evils which may never happen.

"When I'm a man——" began Bobbie. "What will you do?" asked his mother. "I'll name my boy after popper—and—my! how I'll spank him!"

"Do you remember our first quarrel, dearest?" "Yes, love." "I said then you were just as mean as you could be." "I believe you did." "Oh, William, how mistaken I was."

"What! fell down stairs? How did it happen?" "Why, you see, I started to go down, and my wife said, 'Be careful, John;' and I'm not the man to be dictated to by any woman, and so down I went."

Hicks: "I think I shall bring up my boy to follow the sea for a livelihood." Dix: "Why have you settled on that?" Hicks: "It seems to be the only industry in which one is not expected to begin at the bottom."

Waiter, to proprietor: "Just see this roast; it's all burnt up! I can't set that before a customer." Proprietor: "Serve it to that lady and gentleman there. They are a bridal couple—they'll never know the difference."

Merchant: "Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?" Boy: "No, sir. He was out, and the office was locked up." Merchant: "Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?" Boy: "There was a notice on the door saying, 'Return at once,' so I came back as quick as I could."

An ex-editor present at a recent club-dinner created much amusement by saying that he once employed a lady to do the "Answers to Correspondents." To his amazement, he found one week the following—"The reply given last week was a mistake. It should have been a quarter of a grain of strychnine, not a quarter of a pound. Jay's is the best house for mourning."

A gentleman who had been dining not wisely but too well with some friends at his club returned home late, to find that during his absence his wife had presented him with a son and heir. The nurse took him to see the child, but, instead of looking pleased, he looked sad and annoyed, and made no remark. The next morning, when he again saw the child, he appeared amazed, and said, "But where is the other?"

There is a story relating to the late Bishop Terrot of England, who was an acute reasoner and a ready talker, and the enemy of all cant and sophistry. "Some o'er-guid people were shocked at the idea of a ball being given for the purposes of charity, and the question was referred to the Bishop. He answered it by a burst of common sense. 'I'm sure, if it could do anybody good,' he said, 'I would dance down the whole length of George Street in full canonicals.'"

Last session, while John Allen of Mississippi was making a speech, a member on the opposite side of the Chamber sought repeatedly to interrupt him. Mr. Allen paid no attention to him whatever. Finally, in a desperate and stentorian voice, the member on the other side called out, "Will the gentleman from Mississippi allow me to interrupt him for a moment?" "Is it for applause?" asked Mr. Allen. "The gentleman from Mississippi allows no interruptions except for applause."

That some dogs deviate from the strict path of virtue we fear there can be no doubt. It is said that one of the proctors of Dublin University has, or had recently, a dog whose eyes were very unequal in size. A friend once expressed surprise at this peculiar characteristic. "Yes," said the owner—"and he takes a mean advantage of the fact whenever I have a stranger to dine with me. He first gets fed on one side of my guest, and then goes round the table to his other side and pretends to be a different dog."

Political orators in the West indulge in some high-flown asseverations in regard to their firmness of principle. The following is said to be a recent specimen: "Build a worm fence around the winter's supply of summer weather; skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon; catch a thunder-cloud in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; ground-sluice an earthquake; lasso an avalanche; pin a napkin on the crater of an active volcano,—but never expect to see me false to my principles!"

Mountain climbers who seldom eat sugar at home are said to appreciate it highly when on their excursions. Guides are very fond of it, as it is a great source of muscular force. Experiments have recently been made abroad to demonstrate the value of sugar to those who perform hard labor. Muscular work done when natural sugar (cane or beet sugar) was used was found to be superior to that when saccharine formed a part of the diet. The blood is poor in sugar after muscular exertion, but a small quantity eaten gives back the lost energy.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Many fine dresses for dinner, reception, and theatre wear will fasten conspicuously under jeweled and elaborate buttons. The jewelers are offerings sets of buttons in real gold and silver, beautifully enameled and sometimes set with genuine stones.

So well are the stones imitated, however, that it is a pity to spend money for the real thing in a fashion that is bound to pass soon. Jeweled and fancy buckles are again offered in great profusion.

We are to have buckles on our shoes as well as at our belts, and they appear in the new millinery. Yet it was but a short time ago that the fashion for this sort of glitter was snuffed, and so it is not surprising that women are resuming it very slowly.

The daintiest designs keep altogether free of it, so you can have fine buckles or not, as you wish. Anyhow, it's a good chance to bring out and put to service such ornaments of this sort as you may have laid away.

None was needed for two neat bodices seen. One of serge green cashmere, had a short basque and opened in front over a gathered vest of white mousseline that was topped by a full mousseline bow. The loose fronts were lined with white and turned back in large white satin revers. The sleeves had slight puffs and were finished with mousseline ruffles, geranium velvet giving the belt.

An unusual ribbon trimming was a feature of the other bodice, and as such garnitures are to be at a big premium this winter, look out for them. The material here was apple green taffeta, which was covered with black Chantilly lace and crossed with wide green ribbon that tied in a bow in black like the separate bow in front. Sleeves and skirt were from plain silk.

There are few women who do not admire the "crinkle, crinkle" of silk lining in a cloth gown, but many women of the best, if the most quiet, taste regard this sound as out of place, except in the house gown.

So comfort your heart with the idea that you are being very exclusive in taste if you can't afford to put silk on the wrong side of your street cloth dress. If you can't afford silk lining for your house dress, then you're in the same boat with nine out of every ten women who try to dress carefully, so there's no reason for discouragement.

For a pretty house-dress use silk if you have it; if not, use percaline, or something of that sort; the outside is the main thing. Have that, if your gown is to copy one that seemed especially attractive, of gray cashmere for the skirt, which was cut with a corselet belt.

Trim skirt and sleeves with black zigzag braid, and let the body be gray taffeta in tiny pleats. At the left side put a bow of white mousseline with frilled ends. A word of warning should go with this skirt: it is not for short folk, and will even make a fairly slender figure seem short-waisted.

Fancy waists of checked silks and with ribbon trimming and accessories are very stylish and pretty. In choosing the ribbon, select a color to match one of the less conspicuous shades in the silk. The waist will prove more generally serviceable if you have for it a second or even a third neck finish, the colors of which shall be chosen from the brighter shades in the check.

These waists are invariably finished with a belt, below which, as a rule, they do not show, though some of the newer models are made with bip pieces and now and then something like a basque finish in the back. But it is much safer to have any bodice that is to be worn with a contrasting skirt finish at the belt.

To the same end the belt should preferably match the bodice, or be contrasted with both skirt and bodice. You are sure to take several inches from your height and likely to spoil the round of your waist if belt and skirt are one in color.

In the way of autumn gowns a neat walking dress is of fine serge in a pretty shade of gray; it is trimmed round the skirt with two rows of mouffion divided by braiding worked with narrow black braid; the two rows are brought together in a point in the centre of front; the bodice is double-breasted, and is open in front; it has a deep collar trimmed with braiding, and edged with fur: the chemisette and collar band are of the same material as the dress, and are finished with braiding; they, however, may be replaced by a full front of silk, or linen collar and front, with cravat bow of silk.

Hat of gray felt; the brim is lined halfway with velvet, and beyond this has two lines of silk gimp; it is trimmed with ribbon velvet and ostrich feather tips.

An attractive visiting dress is of lizard-green face cloth; mantle of corded silk of the same color as the dress, lined with red and green shot silk; it is richly embroidered with iridescent beads, paillettes, and silk; it is drawn in at the waist by a pointed band of embroidered silk; this would be a pretty style of mantle to be made in black faille, trimmed with jet passementerie. Toque of old rose velvet, trimmed with black ribbon velvet and ostrich feathers.

In another walking dress the skirt and bodice are of dark cornflower-blue woollen poplin; the foot of skirt is trimmed with three rows of mink; the bodice is fastened down the front with two rows of silk buttons, and the waistband is of black ribbon velvet finished with bows and long ends at the side; the collar-band and sleeves are of black velvet; small cape of the same material as the dress, trimmed with velvet and band of mink; the whole of the collar is lined with mink. Toque of cornflower-blue velvet trimmed with bows of ribbon and black ostrich tips and osprey.

For dress occasions it is positively no longer necessary or even correct to match shoe and stocking. The dancing slipper may be an exception, but the patent leather "pump," which is made to look as much like our brother's as possible, is thrown into distinctly black contrast with the delicate colored silken stocking.

The latter, however, brings itself into harmony by elaborated black clocks. The gown itself or its lining must match the stocking, and almost invariably some touch of black in the finish of the gown gives further assurance that the pumps are intended and are not the mistake of careless maid or a fault of uninformed taste.

A dressy costume of broche silk had the color of heliotrope and the lining taffeta. Collar and belt were mauve velvet, the latter ornamented with two showy buttons. But the bolero was the gown's richest feature, being of the velvet with trimming of narrow gold galoon lace ruffles.

Aside from its jacket, this gown was quite simple, but that accessory lent so much of dressiness that its designer topped it in his showroom with a picture hat, and it all looked very fine.

Jackets that are to be classified as garments, rather than as trimming, and that are more protective than ornamental are of interest. Among them are little scarlet ones, strictly tailor-made, double-breasted and boxed front, or single-breasted and buttoning from throat down, which are a pretty over garment for fall wear in the country.

After the same cut are jackets in dark blue, which maybe are a better choice, because if not so picturesque in the country they will be more suitable for the city a little later in the season.

Black and white checked ribbon is used for sash finish on some of the early fine gowns when black and white appears nowhere else in the construction of the gown, even the collar ribbon being of some shade to match or contrast with the dress.

An instance was a dark-blue grenadine shot with light-blue lines, and made up over cherry silk, which was belted by black and white silk ribbon, hanging in long ends in front, while the collar was turquoise velvet. Sash finish is to be very stylish, and a novel arrangement of it is highly desirable.

One was a part of a cream chiffon vest that had a fichu of the same material tying in back, with embroidered ends reaching almost to the hem of the skirt. For the rest, this gown was from porcelain blue cashmere, trimmed in the skirt with narrow black velvet ribbon, and on the bodice with a white cashmere collar threaded with the black ribbon. Showy buttons decorated the loose jacket fronts.

What's the use of having a string of real pearls when the string that the other girl has looks just as well and isn't real? Occasionally a single row of pearls is seen fastened about the throat above a cloth gown's very high choker collar, though it does not seem in good taste. The long chains so much worn last year with a big heart shaped locket, a lorgnette, or a pocket-book dangling, are no longer to be suffered.

They were extremely unbecoming, utterly useless, and very easily imitated in cheap jewelry, so there is reason to be glad that they are vetoed. The chatelaine still dangles at the belt and in some cases is in such exquisite workmanship that it must be admired as a work of art if not as an addition to the costume.

A few bracelets are being cautiously set forth in first-class jewelers' cases, showing dangling attachments in the way of scent bottle, pencil, or even seal, but it is to be hoped that this manacle notion will not become a "fad."

A few watches with long chains have such a quaint old-fashioned look that they look pretty in the case, the chain wound about them, but the effect would not be good with the watch tucked into the belt, the chain dangling over the shoulders.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Paper is a good and cheap material to cleanse utensils. Knives rubbed with it preserve their brightness; stoves rubbed hard with it every morning will remain clean and bright, and polish will be saved.

Gloves should never be laid away damp from wearing. Pull them in shape, lay on the window to dry, and then fold smoothly in a long box.

The addition of lemon juice to the water in which rice is boiled will increase the whiteness, and the grains will readily separate when thus treated.

Small cracks in a plastered wall can be filled up smoothly at an expense of a few cents. Buy a little dry plaster of paris. Pour on it enough water to make a thick paste, and fill up the crack smoothly with an ordinary tableknife. It must be done as soon as the water is poured on, for the plaster will harden in two minutes.

To Revive Old Writings, etc.—Boil some gall nuts in wine, apply to the old writings with a sponge steeped in the liquor, when the letters will appear as fresh as if newly done.

Cupboards and wardrobes containing clothes should be occasionally set wide open for sunshine and air to get at the clothes. Men's coats and waistcoats and ladies' dress bodices should be occasionally turned inside out and left in the sunshine or a draught of air to purify them.

The newest furnishings for writing tables for women are of leather. And by the way, writing tables will be more fashionable next season than desks. They are spindle-legged, of course, and are enameled or made of wood that matches or harmonizes with the other furniture.

The pads to be used on these tables are small, hardly larger than the square sheets of letter paper used on them. The backs and corners are of carved or burnt leather, instead of the long-popular silver or decorated china mountings. The burnt leather is of several shades of mole with elaborate design, burnt in dark brown.

The effect is dainty and somewhat more feminine than the carved leather. The latter is said to be all imported, and, therefore, too expensive for a moderate purse.

The inkstands, mucilage bottles, sealing wax holders, candlesticks, pen and pencil trays, paper weights, and the other articles are leather-covered and carved or burnt with the same design. The blotting paper to be used with such sets should be mole colored or brown to match the leather, and sometimes it has a similar design traced around the edges.

For men the fashionable furnishings for desks are of cut glass, stag horn, and silver. The inkstands and other large pieces are of cut glass on massive silver mounting, with stag horn top pieces or pen racks.

The paper knives have carved silver blades, with handles of stag horn, in some instances also carved, but the most popular are plain and highly polished. Penstaffs of porcupine quills are a novelty. They are silver-mounted and beautifully colored, but uncomfortably long.

Light Pudding Sauce.—Yolk of one egg, butter size of an egg, one cup of sugar, beat till light. Add one cup of boiling water and set over a teakettle for a few minutes, then add the beaten white of the egg, and lemon to taste.

Fried Tripe.—After boiling tripe an hour and a half, or until it is tender; cut it into pieces three or four inches square, roll each piece in flour or crumbs, and fry in hot lard. Make a rich brown gravy of hot water, brown flour, and butter, and serve with it.

To Remove Tea Stains.—Wet the place in warm water, and put some borax on it; let it lie for a few minutes, then pour boiling water through the stain from the kettle. If that does not remove it, try liquid chloride of lime in the same way.

Cream Cookies.—One egg, two cups of sugar, one and one half level teaspoonfuls of soda, a little salt, two cups of sour cream, and flour enough to roll out. Flavor with lemon, nutmeg or cinnamon, and sprinkle with sugar after cutting out. Bake in a quick oven.

A Remedy for Sprains.—Take of olive oil two oz. of camphor, rubbed well with a little oil, and then added to the whole, one drachm. Very little of this should be used at a time, and it should be gently rubbed on the sprained part before the fire.

Butter and those sauces containing egg should never boil, but just come up to a cream. Remove instantly.

In France there are 28,000 peasant schools, in which are taught garden and fruit culture through State aid.

Rice and Chicken Cutlets.—Boil a teaspoonful of rice in some good stock, and pound it in a mortar with an onion that has been cooked in butter, with salt and pepper. Pound separately in equal portions cold ham and chicken, form this into cutlets; cover with egg and breadcrumbs and fry. Serve with a sharp sauce.

Chicken Hash.—This is a nice way to serve for breakfast any chicken or turkey left over from dinner. Mince the meat, but not too fine, and to one cupful of it add two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a cup sweet milk, enough minced onions to flavor, with salt and pepper to taste. Stew until well heated through, and serve on toast.

Rice Blancmange.—Half a pound ground rice, one quart milk, three ounces sugar, the rind of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful vanilla essence. Boil the rice in the milk for about twenty minutes with the sugar and rind of half a lemon; when done, remove the lemon-rind, and add the vanilla essence, dip the mould in cold water, pour in the rice, and when quite cold, turn it out.

WOMEN HEAD THE LIST.—The proportion of women among centenarians is nearly twice that of men.

A group of people cited by one of the most careful and least credulous of the numerous authors of works on the subject shows that out of 66 persons who were 100 years old and upward, there were 43 women to 23 men. In London, the last census showed 21 centenarians, 6 men to 15 women. The fact that nearly all the centenarians were poor seems to prove that the rich are at some disadvantage in matters of long life. Of the female centenarians, it may be said that the very nature of their occupations protects them by keeping them so much in the house, where they are shielded from adverse influences of atmospheric changes and accidental causes of death, to which so many men are subject.

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SAFELY HOME.

BY H. M. B.

When shades of night are falling
And on the winding road,
With footsteps slow and weary,
The home-bound toilers plod.
How heart and feet grow lighter,
When through the mist and gloom
With cheery ray across the way,
Shine out the lights of home.

When life's brief day is closing,
Its toils and sorrows past,
And when for peaceful slumber
We fold our hands at last,
How softly to our vision,
How sweetly through the gloom,
From mansions fair that wait us there
May shine the Lights of Home.

Thro' A Keyhole.

BY A. E G.

MY name is Hugh Compton; my age is twenty-three; my father and mother are both dead, and having no other relatives that I know of, I live with a paternal aunt. I am a bank clerk, and in my turn, sleep at the bank, as a precautionary measure against burglars. And lastly, but not least, I am engaged to be married to the best and sweetest girl in the world.

Having introduced myself I will now begin my story. But I forgot to state my sweetheart's name. It is Annie Oliver.

One hot day last July I was busy with the books, when I was startled by an exclamation behind me. Turning my head, I saw Martyn, a fellow-clerk, looking at something he had apparently taken out of an envelope he held in his hand.

"What's the matter, Martyn?" said I.

"Does this—this photograph belong to you?" he answered, holding it out to me with trembling hand.

I took it, and, to my astonishment, it was a likeness of Annie! I had carried it about with me for some days, and had looked at it more than once during the morning. How it got on to the floor I cannot tell; but I suppose it must have dropped out of my pocket without my noticing it.

"Yes," I said—"it does belong to me. Where did you find it?"

"Over there," replied Martyn, pointing to a corner where the copying-press stood.

"It must have tumbled out of my pocket," I said.

"Do you mind telling me who it is?" Martyn asked.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" I said jealously. "You look as white as a ghost!"

However, I told him who it was, and asked him why he took such an interest in the photograph.

"I knew a girl some time ago who was very much like the original of the portrait," he said. Then he put on his coat, and wished me "Good-night!"

I was the only person left in the bank, my fellow clerks having all gone home. I shut up the books, and saw that all the fastenings of the doors and windows were secure.

Somehow I did not feel in the humor for any more work that night, for Martyn's strange manner was worrying me. Stupid thoughts kept coming into my mind. I even went so far as to wonder whether Martyn had been a former lover of Annie's.

No one knew anything about him, and he was always very reticent as to himself. He had been in the bank only about three months, and seemed to be afraid of being seen. Once, when I overtook him in the street, and touched him on the shoulder, he started as if he had been shot.

I must here explain that the cashier and his wife, with a servant, occupied the top-floor of the bank. A large sum of money was usually kept in the cashier's room, under his charge; but on this particular occasion he and his wife were staying for the night at a friend's house.

The servant girl had gone to sleep at her mother's. Of course I did not greatly relish the prospect of being left alone in the bank all night. However, I was very glad afterwards that no one was in the house with me. I sat up that night, reading, till it was time to go to bed, and then, rather reluctantly, I turned in. My bed was placed in the inner office. I always left a glimmer of gas in the passage outside the room in which I slept.

After I got into bed, I lay watching the tiny ray of light that shone through the keyhole of my door. For some unaccountable reason I could not go to sleep. However, about twelve o'clock I dozed off, and dreamed that I was watching Annie and Martyn being married.

I could see them, in my dream, through the keyhole of the church door, and I was trying to get through this keyhole, and shouting to the clergyman to stop, when I awoke.

I tried to go to sleep again, but it was of no use. I heard a clock strike two, and then three, and I was wondering what I could do to induce slumber, watching the little line of light all the time.

Suddenly it vanished. Astonished, I sat up in bed. The room was in darkness. A moment or two later the ray of light appeared again. Then it dawned upon me that some one must have passed along the passage between the gas and the keyhole.

I will not say that I did not feel frightened, for I did, but I did my best to conquer my fear. Getting noiselessly out of bed, I slipped on my coat and trousers, put on a pair of felt slippers, and taking a revolver from under my pillow, crept softly to the door and peered through the keyhole. I could see no one; but, listening intently, I could hear the sound of footsteps on the stairs. I then decided as to my course of action.

After waiting till the sound of the stealthy footsteps had died away, I opened the door very gently, and moving as quietly as a mouse, I stepped to the foot of the stairs and listened. I could hear a slight jingle as of keys being inserted in the lock.

Then I placed a tin box at the top of the first flight of stairs, where there was a bend, so that any one coming quickly down-stairs would not see it till he was close upon it.

My heart beat painfully as I crept up the stairs till I came to the door of the room where I had heard the sound. An old safe stood close by, in the corner of the landing, and I crouched in the shadow of this till the unwelcome visitor should come out.

I waited there for about ten minutes, during which time I could hear the chink of money; then the door was softly opened, and a man—whose features I could not distinguish, owing to the dimness of the light—carrying a small bag in one hand and a bull's-eye lantern in the other, came out.

He had turned the dark shutter, so that the only light to guide him was the faint glimmer of the gas below. He stopped for a few seconds, listening, and then began noiselessly to descend.

He had to go down two flights of stairs before he came to the tin box I had placed at the top of the lowest flight.

I waited till he had gone down the first flight, and then, stepping quickly from my hiding-place, I covered him with my revolver and shouted—

"Stop, or I'll fire!"

Dropping his lantern, he dashed down the stairs. There was a crash as he stumbled over the box, and the sound as of something heavy falling, then all was quiet.

I hurried to where the man had dropped the lantern, and picked it up. It was not out, luckily, and I turned off the dark shutter and flashed the light before me as I went down.

When I reached the spot where I had placed the box, I saw a man lying at the foot of the stairs, with a bag lying beside him.

Very cautiously I descended the last flight, with my revolver in my hand, ready for any emergency.

When I got close to him and flashed the light upon his face, I almost dropped the lantern in my astonishment. It was Martyn! Turning the gas full on, I bent over him to make certain. Yes—it was Martyn, sure enough; and he was quite insensible, his head having evidently struck against a large chair that stood in the passage.

Taking my handkerchief and some string from my pocket, I tied his wrists tightly together. This roused him, and he tried to struggle to his feet; but I caught hold of him.

"Well, Martyn, what does this mean?" I asked.

He looked at me in a dazed way for a moment or two, and then his recollection returned.

"What's that to do with you?" he said sullenly.

"A great deal to do with me," I answered—"When you break into the bank, and try to steal money that I'm responsible for."

"How do you know I've tried to steal anything?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, "you'd hardly break into a place like this unless you meant to commit a robbery of some sort. Besides, there's your bag lying there full of money—at least it sounds as if it was full of money;" and I shook the bag and tried to open it.

"There's the key," Martyn said, pointing—"on the floor."

Thrown off my guard, I turned round; and immediately he sprang upon me, trying with all his might to overpower me. The unequal contest did not last long. With his hands tied, he was almost powerless, and I soon overcame him.

For greater security, I then tied his legs together as well. In the struggle, a card had dropped out of Martyn's pocket. Picking it up, I looked at it. It was a portrait of Annie, with "From Annie to Jack" written below it.

"How did you get this?" I asked in astonishment.

"What business is that of yours?" he said angrily.

"Oh, all right!" I replied. "If you won't tell me, I'll take it to the lady herself, and find out."

"No, no—don't do that!" he implored. "I'll tell you—but don't say a word to her!"

"Well, who is she?" I questioned.

"It's—my—sister," he replied slowly.

With some further questioning on my part, he told me how, some years ago, he got into trouble through gambling. A forged check was traced to him, and he left home suddenly under a cloud. After a time he had succeeded in obtaining his present position at the bank. He had kept his whereabouts secret from everyone, and had assumed the name of "Martyn."

Here was a nice situation! It was my duty, I suppose, to give Martyn into custody; yet how could I be the means of sending Annie's brother into penal servitude? For that probably would be the punishment he would receive. I did not know what to do. At last I said—

"Look here, Martyn—you must either go to prison or go home to your father and mother."

"No, no!" he exclaimed. "I can't go home—I can't face them!"

"Very well," was my reply—"then I'll call a policeman."

"I'll go home," he said, his face becoming very pale.

"That's right," I said. "But understand this—if you try to escape when I untie you, I'll immediately give you in charge! And, remember, I've got a revolver."

"I sha'n't try to get away," he replied quietly—"you needn't fear."

Well, to make a long story short, we waited in the bank until a junior clerk arrived. I told him that Mr. Martyn had just called me away on pressing business, and requested him to look after the place until the other clerks came in. Then we set out for the railway station, the Olivers' house being situated about twenty miles from the bank. Of course, before we left, I had put everything straight, and replaced the money that Martyn had taken.

We managed to secure a compartment to ourselves; and during the journey he told me how some of his betting creditors had found him out, and that, driven almost mad by threats of exposure, he had resolved to break into the bank and take enough money to satisfy their claims.

He would not tell me how he managed to obtain an entrance, and to this day how he got into the bank is a mystery to me. He made no effort to escape, and seemed thoroughly ashamed of himself.

Words cannot describe the joy of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver on beholding their prodigal son; and Annie's delight at seeing her brother was unbounded.

We did not tell them of the circumstances which led to my discovery of Martyn—or, rather, to give him his real name, Jack Oliver; and all they know is that I discovered his identity by means of a photograph, and persuaded him to return to his home.

Jack and I are fast friends now; and Annie and I are going to be married next month. I should have to wait longer, but Annie says she feels that she owes me some reward for restoring her brother to her. I often think now that matters, in all probability, might have turned out very differently but for that keyhole.

YOU may gain knowledge by reading, but you must separate the wheat from the chaff by thinking.

MEN AND THEIR WIVES.

The relations of man and wife ought, in the first place, to be marked by constant mildness and kindliness—the proofs of profound attachment and exhaustless esteem. The most perfect confidence ought to exist between man and wife, for harmony and happiness cannot exist without.

Confidence is the moral chain that unites man to woman. When the place of confidence is usurped by suspicion, then comes a monster who breeds quarrels and even hatred—jealousy.

There is a great deal of selfishness in jealousy. Those who are most ready to entertain so bitter a sentiment, are not so much annoyed at their partner loving another, as that he or she no longer loves her or him.

If the first suspicions of want of allegiance are met by an increased kindness and attention, the frail partner is at once reclaimed to a sense of duty; but if met by the indication of an injured pride and vanity, by ill-humor, moroseness, and irascibility, the partner for life is often lost for ever. But the fact is, the suspicions should never be indulged in.

The expression of an unjust suspicion alienates love and esteem for ever. If there is foundation for such, it is no longer suspicion but reality, and to be great or gracious the culprit should be pardoned. The frail party will be thus reclaimed. There is no greater sign of folly and stupidity than a suspicious and jealous disposition.

Not to be jealous, is by some supposed to be indifferent, whereas it is want of amiability and kindly attentions that marks indifference. To please and to be loved, the qualities of the heart must be united to the riches of the mind. It is an incontestable thing that kindly attentions, managed with intelligence and delicacy, both win and hold in their keeping more hearts than physical beauty can ever command.

A man should not be exacting or dissatisfied with that which his wife does. He should always begin by reforming himself, before he criticises his wife's faults. It is a wiser policy to approve than to disapprove, and ensures peace at home. But above everything a man must never be passionate or rude to his wife. The first and slightest intimation of such want of self-control destroys for ever the most delicate and most exquisite illusion in the intercourse of the sexes.

A man should not oppress his wife with his assumed superiority of intelligence. He should, on the contrary, listen to her advice with eagerness, for the slightest symptom of contempt touches a woman to the quick, and a woman whose pride has been hurt by her husband can always find her own means of revenge. Words that humiliate, remarks that bring forth a blush, hints that wound self-love, should be carefully avoided. A man should always stand in such a relation to his wife that she can never feel the wish to seek consolation by relating her troubles to another. If she does so to a female, the latter will poison her mind; if she does so to a man, the husband has already lost all moral ascendency.

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Humorous.

TIME'S CHANGE.

I kissed her at ten,
For she said that I might—
We were children when
I kissed her at ten.

It is years since then,
But 'twas only last night
That I kissed her at ten—
For she said that I might.
—U. S. None.

A stirring event—Sweetening one's coffee.

Why is a lock like a hospital?—Because it is full of wards.

What a language we have! A man "sits down" during the daytime, but "sits up" at night.

What is that which no one wishes to have, yet, when he has it, he would be very sorry to lose?—A bald head.

Mrs. Oldtimer: "Dear me, how fast the young men are nowadays!"

Mr. Oldtimer: "They have to be to catch up with the girls."

Customer, entering poulterer's shop: "I should like to see a nice fat goose."

Small boy: "Yes, sir. Father will be down directly."

Husband: "Oh, I'm not such a fool as you think!"

Wife: "Well, I hope not. Indeed it would be impossible!"

Scene — Sunday school. Teacher: "What are the two things necessary to baptism?"

Small girl: "Please, sir, water and a baby!"

Magistrate: "If you were there for no dishonest purpose, why were you in your stockinged feet?"

Burglar: "I heard there was sickness in the family."

"Ah!" exclaimed the cannibal chief, smacking his lips. "What kind of a minister was that we had for dinner?"

"Your excellency," replied his companion, "I should say it was a prime minister."

"No, sir," he said indignantly—he was a Far Westerner—as he turned from the electric light in his room—"I won't stop here! The idea of a hotel's tryin' ter run up a bill on a man by puttin' his gas in a glass case so's it can't be blowed out!"

A little girl, aged nine, called her father to her bedside the other evening.

"Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice."

"Well, my little dear, what is it about?"

"What do you think it would be best to give me on my birthday?"

"Has anybody here a corkscrew?" spoke up a sharp-nosed old gentleman in the sleeping-car.

"I have!" was the ready response from nearly every seat.

"As I thought!" shouted the old gentleman, springing to his feet. "Who will be the first to sign the temperance pledge?"

Lucy, single: "Do you think it is wicked to smoke, dear?"

Fanny, married: "No, dear—I'm sure it isn't!"

Lucy: "Why are you so sure?"

Fanny: "Because my husband doesn't smoke; and, if it was wicked, I'm sure he would do it."

When passing round Cape Horn a few weeks ago, a certain steamship encountered very rough weather. A sailor was unfortunately washed overboard, and the captain called to Patrick Casey (a new hand) to throw a buoy over. A few moments later he asked "Pat" if he had thrown the buoy over.

"No, sir," said Pat. "I couldn't find a boy, so I chucked an old man over."

A little girl, four years old, was on her way home from church with her father, when they passed a boy splitting wood, and the father remarked:

"Mary, do you see that boy breaking the Sabbath?"

The child made no reply, but walked home very thoughtfully, and meeting her mother, exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with an axe!"

Woman, to tramp: "You might saw a little wood for that nice dinner."

Tramp, reproachfully: "Madam, you ought not to throw temptation in the way of a poor man."

Woman: "Temptation?"

Tramp: "Yes, madam. If I were to saw some wood, the chances are I would carry off the saw. I'm an honest man now, and I want to remain so."

The superintendent of a Sunday school was one afternoon explaining the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal—how Elijah built an altar, put wood upon it, and cut a bullock in pieces, and laid it upon the altar.

"And then," said the superintendent, "he commanded the people to fill four barrels with water, and to pour it over the altar; and they did this four times. Now I wonder if any one can tell me why this water was poured over the bullock upon the altar."

There was silence for a few moments, and then one little boy spoke up:

"Please, sir, to make the gravy."

DRESS MAKES THE MAN.

"Man's dress is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence."

Although there may be a considerable amount of accuracy in this paraphrase, there is not nearly so much truth in it as the average man affects to imagine. It is fortunate for some individuals that so few people act on that admirable piece of advice—never judge by appearances—for, if our tailors are to be believed, few men are really what they pretend to be.

I recently, writes a correspondent, prodded the rib-bones of a stalwart who prided himself on his forty-eight inches around the chest. To my surprise and alarm, the chest in question yielded to pressure much as a feather bed does beneath the weight of a man who earns his living by exhibiting his adipose tissue in public.

The circumstance was so remarkable that, rather horrified, I decided to call at once upon a gentleman whose practical knowledge of tailoring in every branch is second to none.

The following conversation ensued:

"Is it a fact that the American nation has to thank you tailors for its many manly chests?"

"In many cases most decidedly it has," was the distressing reply. "Why, unless a tailor knows how to make a man he might as well go rag picking at once. There are many secrets of the tailoring trade, the principal one of which is the deception of the eye, and I'm not exaggerating when I say that a lifetime is required to train a man to be a really first-class cutter.

"For example, if you put a prominent stripe on a thin person you make him look like a lamp-post; while if you envelope a stumpy fat man with a large check suit you lead people to suppose that he is closely related to a beer barrel, when, perhaps, he is nothing of the kind.

"But here are some of our secrets. Stripes always increase the length or width of a figure according to the direction in which they run. Hence you seldom see a stripe running horizontally.

"Checks, on the other hand increase the width of the figure without adding to the height. Then in the matter of shades; light clothes make people look larger than they are, sometimes as much as six inches. Dark garments reduce the size.

"All these points a good tailor must have at his fingers' ends. As I've told you, he has to make his men. Now, say a short man is making love to a pretty girl who confesses that she dotes on tall men. Well, of course, he is at a considerable disadvantage, but if he knows a thing or two he doesn't despair. He just goes to his tailor, and says:

"'Here, stick me on a foot.'

"This to you may seem an impossibility, but in reality it is the simplest thing in the world to a capable man. What he does, of course, is to make his customer's garments close-fitting. Anything which reduces the width apparently adds to the height.

"Very tall thin men are constantly grumbling about their lanky proportions. Well, even they can be suited. You reduce the weight and give them a semblance of beefiness by cutting their garments loose.

"Again, any material with a gloss on it makes a figure look bigger because it reflects more light.

"You have no conception of the feats which a high-class tailor is called upon to perform. To be a success, he must be able to conceal imperfections—that is the long and short of it.

"Take a bow-legged man. You don't see many on the fashionable promenades, but that doesn't prove that they're scarce. Many a man who is frightfully bow-legged has to thank his cutter for giving him a decent shape to strut about with.

"This is the secret. You hide the imperfection by cutting the material inside the leg very loose, but the outer part of the leg you cut close.

"There are many people who have only one leg, and yet pass as having the usual allowance. A tailor in a case of this kind stiffens the trouser leg which is to contain the wooden stump with canvas, and if this is done as it should be done, the fact the wearer has lost a limb should be patent to nobody."

"Well, now, can you say who it is that starts the fashions? Is it the Prince of Wales? Rumor says that he spends more on his clothes than anyone."

"Individual leaders of fashion don't exist now. The Prince is in reality by no means extravagant in his dress; many men dress quite as well and some spend a great deal more.

"Strangely enough, although the Prince has such an immense wardrobe, he is measured in the ordinary way for every new suit, in addition to which he tries each one on two or three times. As regards trousers, he usually orders half a dozen at a time and pays about eight dollars a pair for them and for other garments in proportion.

"One notices a good many weird-looking garments about."

"Racing people are very partial to clothes out of the common. I have known a man to instruct his tailor to make ten pockets in one coat. Some men have a mania for secret pockets, and most ingenious they are, too. A pocket is sometimes made inside another. One customer always has a pocket made in his waistcoat close to the shoulder-blade; while another gentleman has a pocket near the knee.

"A thief might ransack some of our suits for half an hour without finding some of the pockets. Very frequently a few stitches are left undone in the seam, and you can only reach the pocket by inserting a couple of fingers.

"One is often asked to make strange things. The smallest suit I ever heard of was a dress suit. It was for a man who measured twenty inches round the chest and two feet four inches in height. The largest suit was for a public performer. It was ninety-six inches across the chest, and was intended to be put over an India-rubber suit, the owner, when he was fully dressed, blowing himself out.

AIRING THEIR WRONGS.

Smarting under a sense of supposed injustice people sometimes do queer things to call attention to their grievances.

It is with the aid of half a brick that most of these people go to work. Armed with such coercive missile, they seek out a shop or office with a fine plate glass window, through which the demi-brickbat is then hurled.

Calmly the devastation-worker stands his ground, while the glass falls in showers around him; and he makes no show of resistance when he is pounced upon and handed over to the police.

Placed in the dock, he makes the most of the opportunity, explains that he had no grudge against the owner of the window he selected as a target, but that he simply sought a chance of giving wide publicity to his complaint.

Reporters being present, such end is usually attained; but whether success is the ultimate result of such methods is a point that is open to doubt.

One such delinquent explained that he sent a wood paving block through the window of a particular private house because he knew the owner was rich and could well afford to repair the damage.

Therefore, the cost being a mere fleabite to a man so wealthy, no real harm had been done. "And," promised this philosophical pane-shatterer, "I should take care to go to someone else next time."

An eccentric lady, whose constant complaint was the by no means novel protestation that she was being kept out of some large estate, elected to ring street-door bells as a means of attracting attention.

Having decided upon which residence to favor with a specimen of her bell-ringing abilities, this amiable performer would open a camp stool, sit down, and start to ring steadily.

Refusing to desist, a policeman would be called to remove her; and the subsequent interview with a magistrate, of course, afforded opportunity for the retelling of the well-worn romance.

These are, naturally, very commonplace methods. An individual who believed himself to be a much-wronged victim of fraud, disdained to avail himself of any device so ordinary.

He, striking out a fresh line in such terrors, procured a huge tube of brown paper. One end of this he pushed into the letter box opening in the door of a residence which he had elected to favor with a discordant selection, and through this weird instrument he kept up a terrible trumpeting until taken off to the station.

Procuring a spade, a man, claiming to be the son of a wealthy landowner, proceeded to a public park, and prospecting about till he found the greenest spot of the most velvety turf, he commenced to dig energetically, and continued till a frantic keeper hauled him to a policeman.

Similar appreciation of open spaces was revealed by another "crank," who was frequently arrested for uprooting plants, which he carried about with him till he was taken in charge.

Temporary consternation was caused in a crowded and fashionable riding ground, when a seedy-looking workman threw himself flat on the ground amidst the horses' hoofs.

Quickly he was dragged aside, and everyone clustered round him. "Do you want to commit suicide?" his questioners asked. Then with, "It is better to end life thus than to continue an existence of misery caused by," etc., etc., he commenced a recital of his imaginary woes.

Hiring a boat for an hour, a man of respectable aspect put off from the beach of a favorite watering-place. Rowing out close to a much frequented pier, he pushed out from the bottom of the boat the cork or plug placed there for the purpose of draining out water, and made frantic appeals for assistance as the little craft went down under him.

Promptly half a dozen boatmen pulled out to him; and amidst the cheers of the onlookers he was saved. He was then discovered to be an individual conveniently furnished with a large life-belt, and only anxious to address the crowd on the subject of an alleged infringed patent of his.

The second plotter who enlisted the services of the sea, went out in a boat, which was next morning found stranded on the shore.

It contained only a cap with the name written inside. In the local paper duly appeared an account of the happening. Soon after, the editor of the paper received a visit from an individual who declared himself to be the brother of the missing man.

"I have no doubt," said he, "that poor George has committed suicide. Through trouble he could no longer live. Five years ago his claim to three thousand dollars worth of railway stock was disallowed through the vile trickery of a cousin bearing the same name."

This long story of forgery and misrepresentation was duly printed; but the sympathy it aroused quickly subsided when the man who had owned the derelict boat swore that "poor George" and the bereaved brother were one and the same person; and it was subsequently ascertained that the man spent all his time in, by similar stratagems, seeking to get hold of the wealth he imagined rightfully belonged to him.

Other nuisances who strive in unorthodox ways to air their troubles in public make use of varied methods. One man disturbs the service in church.

Another visits lofty buildings & climbs about in the most perilous positions; while there was a third who rode for a considerable distance on the footboard of an express train.

CEMETERIES AND CEMETERIES.—Cemeteries either in this or other countries are by no means limited to the dead of the human species, but other animals have shared with mankind the honor or privilege of having special grounds set apart for their interment; while in some parts of the East the custom prevails amongst certain tribes of exposing their dead on "towers of silence" as food for carrion birds.

The principle burying-ground for animals in England is the dog cemetery in Hyde Park, London. It is about thirty feet square, and contains the remains of about 200 pet dogs.

It is neatly laid out in numerous tiny plots and paths; most of the graves are about a yard in length and one foot in width, with a headstone bearing the names of the dogs, with dates of birth and death, and sometimes an inscription.

A resident of Goldtown, New Jersey, has laid out a cemetery of rather more than a quarter of an acre as a burying ground for his deceased pets, and it now contains 147 graves.

He possesses a very varied collection of birds and animals, and when one dies it is buried in this cemetery, and a suitable inscription, with name, date of death and its virtues, on a wooden slab, placed over its remains.

A Massachusetts millionaire has in his grounds a cemetery set apart for horses. In this, when they die, he not only buries them, but erects costly monuments to their memory, varying in size and magnificence. All equine types from draught to race horses are represented.

In olden days it was customary to bury dogs at the feet of bishops, to show, it was supposed, that the latter followed the standard of the Lord as faithfully as a dog follows its master.

CABBAGE has always been said to be a cure for intoxication. The Egyptians ate boiled cabbages before their other food if they intended to drink wine after dinner, and most of the remedies sold as a preventive of intoxication contain cabbage seed.